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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

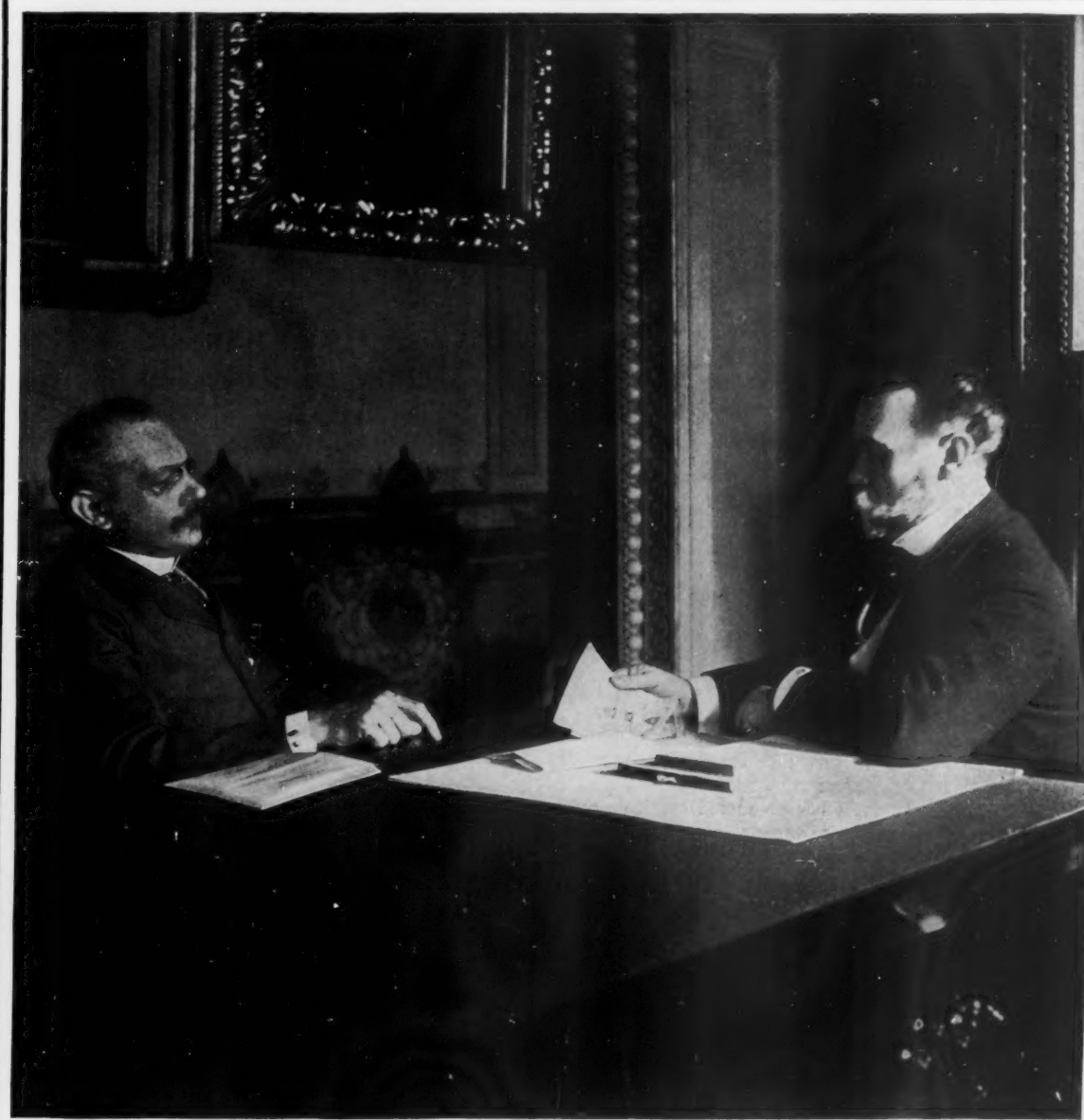
CURRENT EVENTS

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\$20,000,000 FOR THE PHILIPPINES

ON MONDAY, MAY 1, IN THE DIPLOMATIC ROOM OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C., M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, RECEIVED FROM THE HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE UNITED STATES, FOUR NEW YORK DRAFTS FOR \$5,000,000 EACH, AGGREGATING \$20,000,000., THE INDEMNITY PAID TO THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT FOR THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, UNDER THE TERMS OF THE TREATY OF PEACE

NOTE.—The above picture depicts the transfer of the drafts as it actually happened, and is not an arranged pose

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AND CURRENT EVENTS.

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY REGULARLY ON SALE AT BRENTANO'S, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPERA, PARIS, FRANCE; AT THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 5 BREWSTER BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON E. C., ENGLAND; AND AT THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, STEPHANSTRASSE 18, LEIPZIG, GERMANY.

NEW YORK MAY TWENTIETH 1899

THE NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED
VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS

NO PART OF THE lately published volume containing the report of the Secretary of War is more interesting than the account of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, an institution about which but little is generally known.

This institution is composed of eight branch homes; to wit, the Eastern, the Central, the Southern, the Western, the Northwestern, the Pacific, the Marion and the Danville, situated in as many different States. Each of them is under the immediate charge of local officers appointed by the Board of Managers. The aggregate population of the homes is over 19,000. The general government of the institution is vested in a board of fourteen managers, three of whom, the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and the Chief Justice, are members by virtue of their offices. The other eleven are chosen from time to time by Congress for a term of six years. The Board of Managers elects from its own members a President, two Vice-Presidents and a Secretary, and, from non-members, an Inspector-General, an Assistant Inspector-General and General Treasurer. The President has his permanent headquarters in Hartford, Conn., and the Secretary, at Princeton, Ill.; the Board meets, from time to time, at places agreed upon. The administrators of each branch home are selected by the Board of Managers from honorably discharged officers and soldiers; a recent inspection shows that their duties are discharged with commendable zeal and efficiency. The purpose of this institution is to receive and care for veterans who have rendered service to their country as volunteers, but who are unable to earn a living by reason of disabilities incurred under the colors. It is to be expected that unfortunate survivors of the Spanish-American War will be presently compelled to look to the Government for shelter, food and clothing, and the Secretary of War recommends that such legislation be enacted as shall admit honorably discharged soldiers, who have taken part in that contest, to the Home for Disabled Volunteers. New buildings will be erected for the benefit of survivors of the Spanish-American contest, and the report before us advises that these shall be placed in the Southern States, where the advantages incident to a mild climate may be secured.

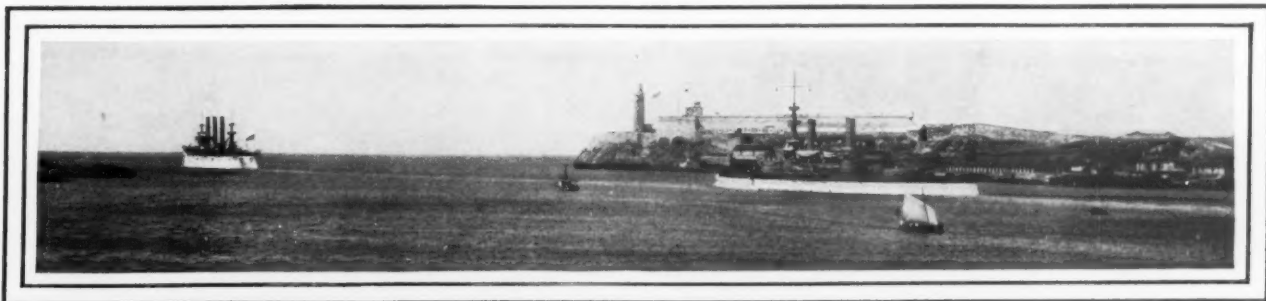
The records here published show that, of the 19,000 disabled volunteers constantly present during the past year, the average daily number of sick was 2,010 in hospital, 883 in convalescent quarters and 471 at sick call. They are said to receive proper care and attention from an excellent corps of surgeons and nurses. In the hospitals, trained female nurses have been substituted for the veterans to whom used to be delegated the charge of their sick brethren. What these Homes lack as yet is a central medical authority, who should either be a salaried member of the Board of Managers or an assistant to its President, and who should supervise the medical administration, especially as regards the purchase and distribution of medical supplies. The mortality during the last year was 50.9 per 1,000, a proportion which speaks

well for the medical administration, as, with the advancing age of the veterans of the Civil War, a higher death-rate from year to year was to be looked for. The general condition and police administration of the grounds and buildings is pronounced by the Inspector exceptionally good, and, evidently, an effort is made on the part of the local officers to make and keep them attractive.

GENERAL MERRITT'S ACCOUNT OF THE
CAPTURE OF MANILA

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN of our operations in the Philippines will base the first chapter of his narrative on the official report made by Major-General Wesley Merritt, which has been lately published in book form by the War Department. It will be remembered that General Merritt arrived at Cavité, Manila Bay, on July 25, 1898. He found a considerable body of troops under General Greene already there, and, on July 31, these were strengthened by the arrival of General MacArthur's brigade. The fact is recalled that, shortly after Admiral Dewey's victory, Emilio Aguinaldo, the principal leader of the former Filipino insurrection, came to Cavité from Hong Kong, and, with the consent of our naval authorities, began to raise troops and push the Spaniards in the direction of Manila. Having met with some success, he proclaimed an independent government, republican in form, with himself as President, and, at the time of General Merritt's arrival, held possession of a large part of Luzon. As Aguinaldo did not visit Merritt on the latter's arrival, or offer his services in a co-operative or subordinate capacity, the American commander did not deem it wise to hold any direct communication with the insurgent leader. Thus it came to pass that military operations with a view to a capture of the city were conducted without reference to the situation of the insurgent forces. The wisdom of this course was subsequently confirmed by the fact that, when General Merritt had carried the Spanish intrenchments, on the extreme Spanish right, he was under no obligations to clear the front, still defended against the insurgents, but was able to move forward at once and occupy the city and suburbs.

After the arrival of MacArthur's brigade, General Merritt had about 8,500 men in position to attack, and now considered that the time had come for final action. Accordingly, on Aug. 7, he and Admiral Dewey sent a joint letter to the Spanish Captain-General, notifying him that he should remove from the city all non-combatants within forty-eight hours, and that operations against the defenses of Manila might begin at any time after the expiration of that period. A reply was at once returned to the effect that the Spaniards were destitute of the places of refuge needed for the large numbers of wounded and sick men, as well as of women and children, then lodged within the walls. On the 9th, a formal joint demand for the surrender of the city was made; it was based upon the hopelessness of the struggle on the part of the Spaniards. Although, however, every consideration of humanity required that the city should not be subjected to bombardment, the Captain-General's response announced that the council of defense had declared that the demand for the surrender could not be granted; the Captain-General, nevertheless, offered to consult his Government, if time were allowed him to communicate therewith by way of Hong Kong. This request was refused, but it was agreed upon between Merritt and Dewey that an attempt should be made to drive the enemy out of his intrenchments without resorting to the bombardment of the city. Accordingly, on Aug. 13, at about half after ten in the morning, our troops advanced, and, after a short engagement, took possession of the whole city of Manila, excepting the walled town, for which terms of capitulation were speedily arranged. General Merritt records his appreciation of the admirable manner in which, on Aug. 13, the orders for attack and the plans for the occupation of the city were carried out by the troops designated for that purpose. He submits that, for soldiers to enter under fire a town covering a wide area, to deploy rapidly and to guard all the principal points in extensive suburbs, to keep out insurgent forces pressing for admission, to disarm quietly an army of Spaniards more than equal in numbers to the American troops, and thus to prevent all rapine, pillage and disorder, and to gain entire possession of a city of 300,000 inhabitants hostile to European interests, was an act which only law-abiding, temperate and resolute American soldiers, skilfully handled by their regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish. We should note, before taking leave of this part of the report, that, by the official figures, the trophies of Manila were nearly \$900,000 in money, 13,000 prisoners and 22,000 stand of arms.



THE BROOKLYN AND INDIANA STEAMING OUT OF HAVANA HARBOR



THE CRUISE OF THE WHITE SQUADRON



SCARCELY A RIPPLE of excitement stirred New York last February when the proud cruiser that bears the city's name steamed out of the Narrows with Rear-Admiral Sampson. One fine day, two months later, the flagship returned to port with the entire North Atlantic Squadron steaming in her wake. As one immense ship after the other came to anchor at the man-o'-war's station off Staten Island—like a flock of gigantic swans settling down from a long flight—the thousands who watched the fleet from the shores came to a late realization of the full impressiveness of our recent naval demonstration in the West Indies.

It was the first peaceful cruise of so large an American squadron into those waters since the first strain in the relations between this country and Spain, which made it a matter of deadly peril for any one of our cruisers to venture into a Spanish port, as did the Maine. To the peoples of the West Indies, therefore, this cruise was an event of the first magnitude, and whatever their nationality or allegiance, they lost no chance to give vent to their newly learned appreciation of the Yankee seaman wherever the ships of our white squadron poked their prows into port. What was intended for a practice cruise, thus, soon became a triumphal procession, so that any commander of less steadfast purpose than Sampson might easily have been diverted from a strict observance of the full list of naval manoeuvres projected for this spring. As it was, there were quick transitions from the onerous routine duty on a man-o'-war to brilliant social functions and festivities on shore, until the one began to pall on officers and men almost as much as the other. On Admiral Sampson himself the constant demands of international and naval courtesy, with its relentless etiquette, are said to have proved a harder strain than his anxieties during the Spanish-American war.

When Admiral Sampson left New York he took with him his own flagship and the battleship Indiana, bound for the squadron's rendezvous at Havana. On the way there the two ships stopped at Bermuda. Here they encountered part of the British North Atlantic Squadron, consisting of Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher's formidable flagship Renown, with the Hotspur, Talbot, Indefatigable and Terror. Immediately there came a round of international naval courtesies and social festivities, beginning with the admirals' visits and counter-visits to one another, followed by a general joyous fraternization of the officers and crews of both squadrons and their combined entertainments—balls and receptions on shore—until the American sailormen were scarcely able to celebrate Washington's Birthday any more. So elaborate was the programme that had been prepared for them by the hospitable people of Bermuda that the American ships had to overstay their scheduled time in Bermuda by two days.

At Havana the New York and Indiana found awaiting them the Brooklyn, Chicago, Texas and Resolute. Throughout the remaining week the Texas lay under "Admiral's Inspection," or, in other words, clean stripped and cleared for action, with everything on board absolutely spick-and-span and ship-shape, ready to receive the admiral, with his board of inspection, at any given moment. When the admiral finally visited the Texas, it is almost needless to state, Captain Sigsbee was not found wanting. To him, accordingly, fell the honor of giving the squadron's farewell ball to Havana, after an uninterrupted series of similar entertainments on shore. To those who danced on the decks of the

Texas that night it was indeed strange to find themselves the guests of that same Captain Sigsbee who but a year before had felt a good ship sinking under his feet, the marplot skeleton of which could still be seen protruding from the slimy waters of the harbor.

Next morning the White Squadron steamed out of Havana. It was one of the prettiest manoeuvres of the whole cruise. During the night a stiff wind had come up, and had swung the ships around the buoys to which they were moored, so that they all pointed inland. It was necessary, therefore, for each ship to make a complete turn before standing out to sea. At a signal from the flagship the whole squadron executed this manoeuvre simultaneously, each ship turning as on a pivot, until the anchor buoy that had been at each bow lay directly under the stern. Then the bands struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and one ship after another steamed majestically past the Morro and out to sea, the New York and Brooklyn leading, with the Indiana and Texas bringing up the rear.

Once out of the harbor the fleet cruised westward, skirting along the coast, overhung with the smoke of burning cane fields, as of yore. In conformity with original orders part of the squadron made for Cienfuegos; but Admiral Sampson, having received other advice, took the New York and Brooklyn to Puerto Cortez, on the coast of Honduras, where the recent killing of an American made a mild naval demonstration appear advisable. The sudden appearance of the two great cruisers in Puerto Cortez promptly brought the responsible authorities of Honduras to terms. After this matter had been straightened out sufficiently to be left to consular disposal with the American Department of State, haste was made to join the rest of the squadron in Guantanamo Bay.

The squadron now numbered thirteen vessels, among them the Chicago, Marblehead, Montgomery, Detroit, Newark and Machias, besides colliers and supply boats. The week at Guantanamo was spent in incessant target practice, inspections, minor evolutions and drills, ranging from the call to "general quarters," to fire drills, and landing parties. To the men of the Marblehead, naturally, most of these drills seemed as child's play, compared to the stirring realities of last year in this bay.

After one day's stay in the harbor of Santiago the flagship made the night's run to Kingston, Jamaica, and there met the other members of the squadron. As heretofore, the initial formality of visits between the admiral and the governor of the island led to an enthusiastically cordial interchange of courtesies between the officers of the British garrison and our navy men at Port Royal.

From Jamaica the squadron, which had now reduced its numbers to the six largest ships, took the short cut to South America, making a straight run for the port of La Guayra, on the coast of Venezuela. Special trains were run between La Guayra and Caracas to accommodate the American officers, who were made to participate in festivities lasting several days. Here, too, the end of all was a farewell ball, given by the President of Venezuela. It was attended by some thirty or forty of the officers of the American squadron, and proved a highly brilliant affair, most of the men appearing in the gorgeous full-dress uniforms typical of South America, while the ladies improved the occasion by a dazzling display of jewels and gowns, ordered from Paris for this long-expected event of the season.

The next port to be reached by the squadron was

Trinidad. As the southernmost of the West India islands, this was the turning-point of the cruise. The four days' stop that was made here involved the regular round of carefully prepared state receptions and private social entertainments, including a day's excursion to the famous pitch lake of Trinidad. In the end came the customary grand ball, for which all the ladies of the colony had so long been waiting. This was reciprocated by an afternoon reception and dance on the flagship, with a wardroom punch for the foreign officers. Next morning, at last, the squadron got under way on its long homeward reach, down the varied coast-lines of the Windward Islands. As the fleet steamed out of the beautiful harbor of Port of Spain, between the high-lying rocks known as the Dragon's Mouth, most of the officers on board felt surfeited with social entertainment.

This did not hinder the good people of the Barbadoes, where the squadron next went into port, from lavishing the same round of entertainments on their guests, winding up in their turn with a grand official ball. The proceedings here were enlivened by the appearance of another part of the British North Atlantic Squadron, comprising her Majesty's ships Proserpine and Pallas, with the familiar Indefatigable, full of old friends from the festive days at Jamaica. The White Squadron did its part in upholding the general spirit that was engendered on shore, upon this new outbreak of Anglo-Saxon cordiality, by posting a ship's band of musicians on the central plaza of the port to play popular airs from morning till night.

After the Barbadoes the squadron's next station, off the island of St. Lucia, proved a haven of rest. Here the Massachusetts joined the squadron. For once there was no ball, owing to some mistake about the date of the squadron's arrival. The American officers thanked their stars for this blessed mistake.

When the American fleet left Martinique, its squadron evolutions must have presented a curious sight to those on shore. For it was here that the swiftest ships of the fleet gathered for their great handicap race to Dominica, an event officially designated as a mere speed trial. The engines of each ship were subjected to a four hours' trial at full speed, the first two hours to be on natural draft and the last two on forced draft. The starting-point was on a line seven miles off the light-house of St. Pierre, and was crossed by each ship going at full speed ahead. The better to "curb all attempts at racing" the slowest vessels crossed the line with a good start in their favor, thus evening up matters, after the manner of a regular handicap race.

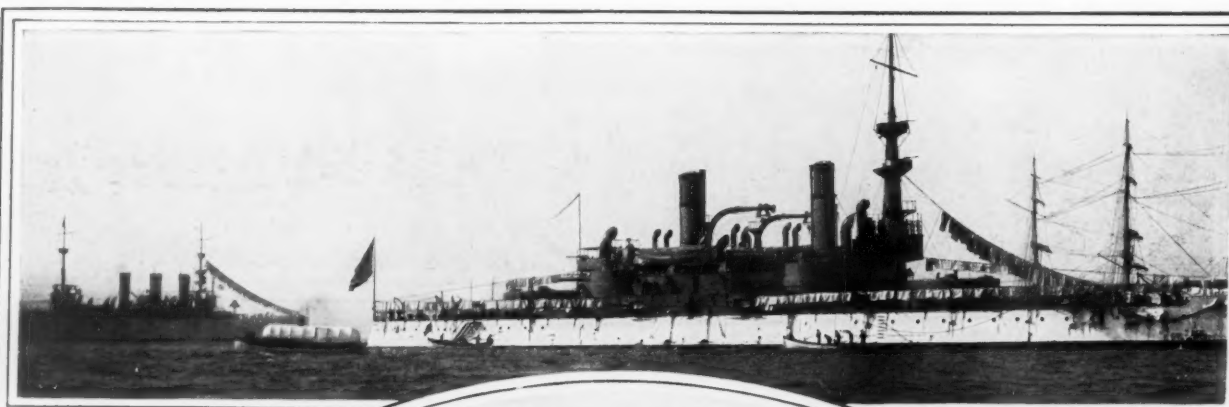
For days and weeks before, the sailors and stokers aboard the different ships had staked the better part of their pay on the outcome of this speed trial. Greatest was the rivalry between the men of the New York and Brooklyn, since the relative speed merits of these two vessels have been an open question ever since the day when the New York strove to overhail the Brooklyn in her chase after the fleeing Cristobal Colon.

For several hours, while the ships were getting up steam, they circled about each other like huge white birds of the sea hovering over the brine. To those aboard the Brooklyn and New York it almost seemed as if the two swift cruisers were eying each other, and measuring points in anticipation of the coming race.

The Indiana got under way first, and crossed the line at a twelve knot clip, with a trail of dense black smoke marking her course northward to Dominica. As the

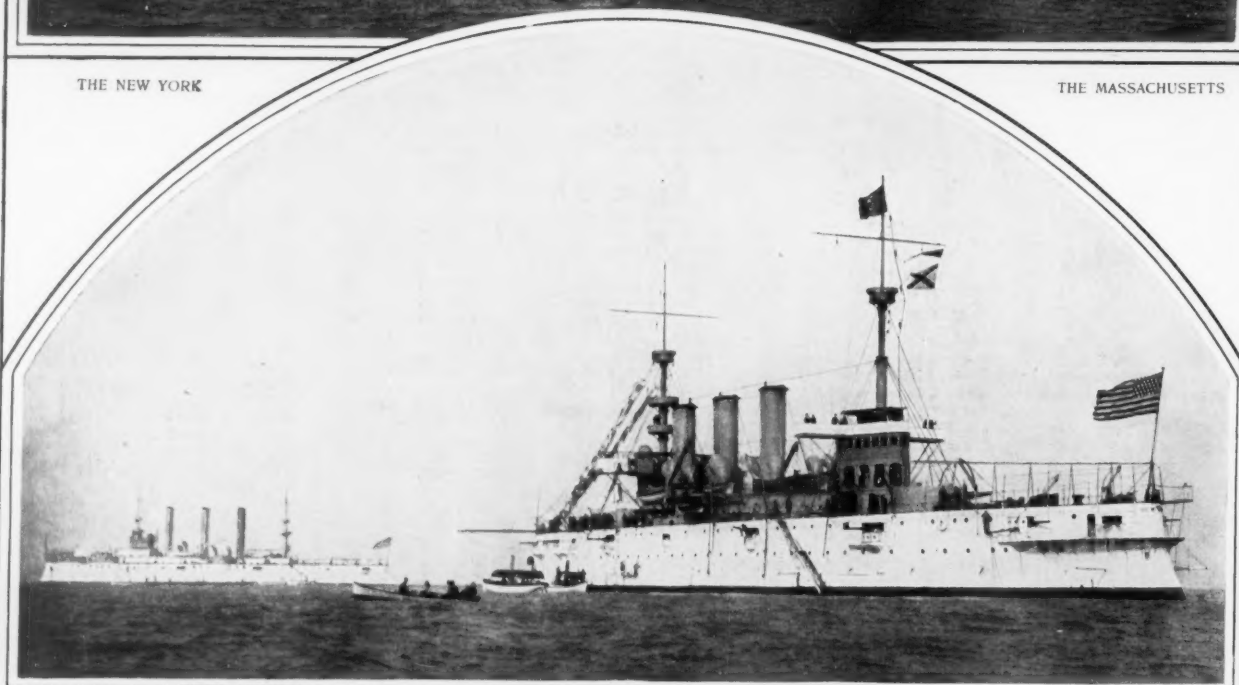


THE BROOKLYN AND INDIANA PASSING OUT TO SEA FROM HAVANA HARBOR



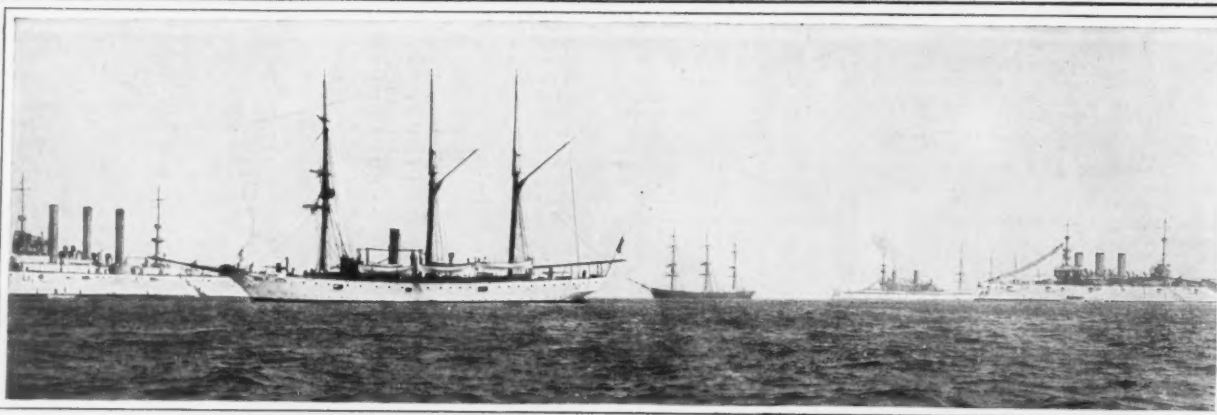
THE NEW YORK

THE MASSACHUSETTS



THE BROOKLYN

THE FLAGSHIP NEW YORK



THE BROOKLYN

THE VICKSBURG

THE MASSACHUSETTS

THE NEW YORK

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE SQUADRON OFF TOMPKINSVILLE, MAY 2

(Pictures by our staff photographer, James H. Hare.)

slowest of the five entries in the race, she was allowed to take a long start, and her smokestacks had nearly disappeared under the horizon before the Massachusetts slipped her leash. Of all the five ships, the Massachusetts was best prepared for the race, having been overhauled but lately, so that her engineers declared her to be all slicked and primed for just such a race, and laid their wagers accordingly. After the Massachusetts was well on her way after the Indiana, Captain Sigbee started in pursuit of both with a fine burst of speed from the Texas. On the strength of the little Texas's performance on July 3d of last year, when she managed to maintain the killing pace set by the Oregon in the great record run after the Cristobal Colon, Captain Sigbee's men had high hopes of winning back some of the money they lost on the day of the recent regatta in Havana Harbor. With this pack in full cry ahead, the Brooklyn and New York got under way within twenty minutes of each other, the flagship starting at scratch.

Then it was demonstrated to the satisfaction all that

the admiral had done well in selecting the New York for his flagship. With her twin screws churning at full speed, and her immense expansion engines roaring within her, the New York settled down to a long stern chase. From her huge triple funnels a dense trail of coal-black smoke swept aft, hanging over the water for several miles to her stern, and the officers who foregathered on the quarter-deck soon found themselves begrimed with soot. On the sponsons of the guns, and behind the revolving turrets, the cinders piled up like sand drifts, and even below, in the officers' quarters, flying particles of soot penetrated every crevice.

The race became most exciting during the last two hours of the speed trial, when all the ships were going under forced draught. Then it was that the New York overhauled one ship after another, finally crossing the finish line off Dominica barely a ship's length ahead of the Indiana, and nearly even with the Massachusetts. Close behind her came the panting Brooklyn, and far behind, her hulk barely rising above the horizon line, came the vanquished Texas. Captain Sigbee's long

protracted stay in the foul waters of Havana Harbor had proved her undoing.

After this exciting contest, the last part of the White Squadron's cruise seemed uneventful. A short stop was made at San Juan de Puerto Rico, with a final interchange of courtesies between General Guy Henry, the military governor, and Admiral Sampson.

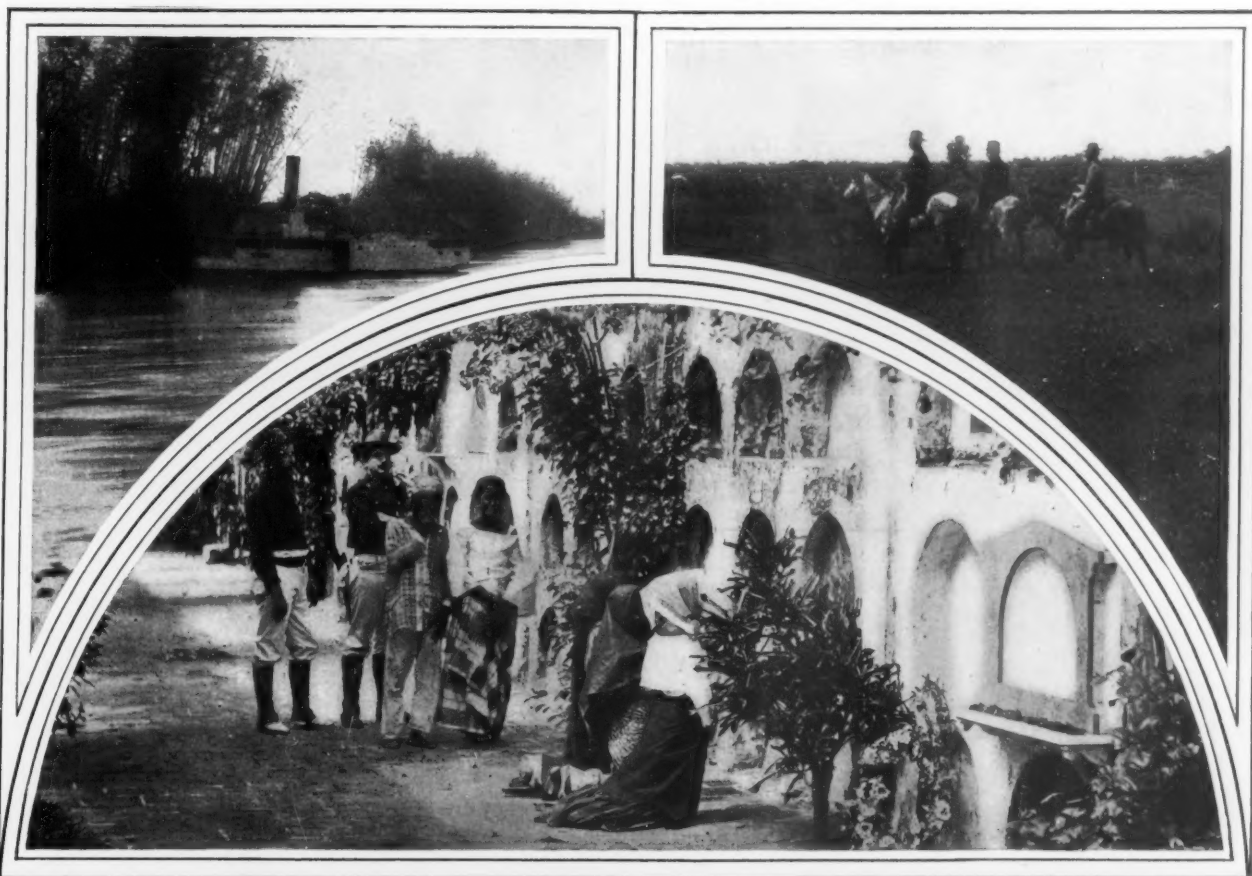
Not until the last reach, when the ships were steaming out of the blue Caribbean Sea into the green waves of the North Atlantic, and the long "Homeward Bound" pennants were fluttering from the mastheads, did the White Squadron encounter the first heavy swells of a running sea.

Even then it did not rain. This, indeed, was the most notable record of the spring cruise of the North Atlantic Squadron. For three long months, from February until May, not a drop of rain ever plashed on the deck of any one of the ships, and all that time the sky ever showed clear blue.

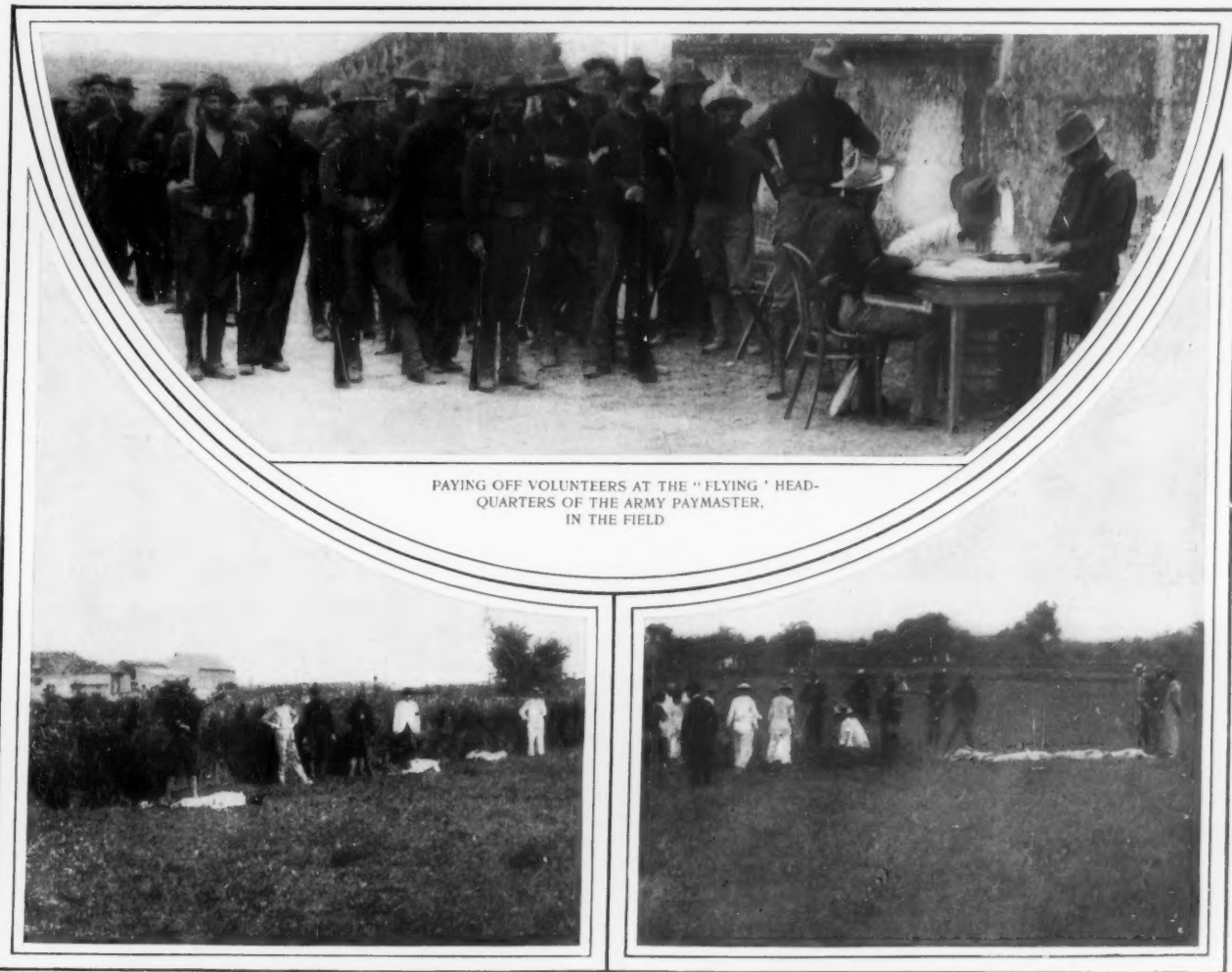
EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

THE GUNBOAT LAGUNA DE BAY

VIDETTES OF THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS



FILIPINO WOMEN BOWING BEFORE THE CATACOMBS OF SANTA CRUZ



PAYING OFF VOLUNTEERS AT THE "FLYING" HEAD-
QUARTERS OF THE ARMY PAYMASTER,
IN THE FIELD

DEAD INSURGENTS ON THE FIELD BEFORE SANTA ANA

FILIPINO PRISONERS BURYING INSURGENT DEAD AT SANTA ANA

THE CRISIS IN THE PHILIPPINES

(From photographs taken by an officer of the medical staff at the front, in and around Santa Cruz and Santa Ana.)



EAST PIERCE STREET, LOOKING NORTH



THE EDGE OF THE CYCLONE, SOUTH OF PIERCE STREET

ONE OF THE WORST DEMOLISHED SECTIONS. FOUR PERSONS WERE
KILLED IN ONE HOUSEHOLDTHE REMAINS OF FIFTEEN HOUSES IN THE TRACK OF
THE CYCLONE

IN THE PATH OF THE STORM

Views of Kirksville, Mo., after the destructive cyclone of April 27. Two storm-clouds joined and swept through the town, utterly wrecking half the buildings and killing more than fifty people. Kirksville is located in Adair County, in the northern part of the State, and has a population of about five thousand.

LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, April 25, 1899

THERE ARE MEN in England more to be envied, just at present, than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he has not found his recent Budget precisely a perfume in composite British nostrils. But if the government can bear these growls and grumbles, the Chancellor certainly should not repine; for when all is said the whole reigning Cabinet comes in for quite as much abuse as its financial member. England has her Sinking Fund, and there is no doubt that many of her citizens hold it an inviolable safeguard. But it was not held so by Mr. Goschen, a few years ago, and Sir Michael has followed in his footsteps with much imitative zeal. The Sinking Fund has, of course, but one meaning. It is a fund so invested by the nation that its gradual increment will cancel at maturity the debt which that nation owes. In the case of Great Britain it is looked upon as the precious reserve for periods of fiscal jeopardy and distress. In 1887 Mr. Goschen raided it to the extent of three millions of pounds. Now, in 1899, Sir Michael has raided it to the extent of two. The time, it is claimed, has seldom been more prosperous. This fund, in the words of the Chancellor himself, is a war-chest. If some important conflict with another power should occur, both army and navy might be aided by its vast resources. It is the constant golden challenge to civic emergency, misfortune and defeat. Twenty-eight million pounds sterling were voted by Parliament, a quarter of a century since, toward the annual reduction of state liabilities. And where, now, it is bitterly asked, does this new "robbery" of two millions go? To the local authorities, it is answered, and the landlords and the clergy. For American ears this "clergy" must indeed have an odd sound. But millions flow out every year in the enormous salaries paid to certain members of it, and the minor salaries paid to others. The House of Lords and the Established Church are both so completely doomed in point of ultimate abolition that the

slowness with which they both approach their end is not only a source of humor, but amazement as well. It seems to me, nowadays, that you cannot talk with an unprejudiced Englishman on the church question except to realize how the air is laden with Disestablishment and Disendowment.

Home Rule for Ireland never looked more "dead" than at the present time. The Salisbury regency has naturally ignored it, but so has the Opposition. It is a corpse, to all seeming, and yet the dullest conservative in the House knows very well that *resurgam* is written upon it, and that, like Con in the "Shaughraun," it only shams extinction. Very valuable boons have been given, of late, to Ireland, in the way of local self-government. The struggles of Parnell have become ossified into history; so, too, notwithstanding his recent death, have those of Gladstone. A new Ireland may truly be said to exist at this hour, and one from whose various county councils untold good has already resulted. But these local bodies of yesterday, each of them a small home rule in itself, will be used (let us all hope with a silent, sane and unimpetuous push) toward the creation of a larger Home Rule to-morrow. Solid and able men have replaced the frenetic and frangible ones of former times. Yet the fight has not been given up. There is armistice, but not surrender. Late elections have shown this. Nationalists compare with Unionists in the ratio of about four hundred to one hundred. We hear it stated (and somewhat wisely, past a doubt) that "no matter how the opinion of the country is tested, or under what conditions, the result is always the same." And again: "Leaders of the people may be divided, but the people themselves give a straight and solid vote."

Mrs. Druce, the lady who has been demeaning herself like a character out of Wilkie Collins's most melodramatic romance, has just surprised her multitudes of curious observers by a remarkable statement. Sir Matthew White Ridley has at last, in his position of supreme legal potency, issued a license for the opening of the Druce vault in Highgate Cemetery. Mrs. Druce, we are now told, has it in her possession, and is only

waiting for Sir Francis Jenne's formal order to enforce it. And yet, strangest of anomalies, this declaration on the part of Mrs. Druce now arrives: "Personally I attach little importance to the opening of the grave, although that will be done before very long. Whatever the result of this inspection may be, it will not affect my claim." Can we believe our newspaper eyesight? This assuredly reads like Wilkie Collins turned humorist instead of nerve-shocker. Only a little while ago Mrs. Druce was laying great stress upon the certain revelations which would follow if one particular coffin were unclosed. Goosetlesh wasn't the word for it all. A wax mask was going to confront us instead of a skull, and weighty riff-raff was to be found replacing the conventional skeleton. The wax mask produced, it is true, the effect of an afterthought, for we had previously heard, through several months of anxiety and suspense, of nothing more grimly picturesque than a lump of leaden roofing. But now it seems rather unkind of Mrs. Druce to inform us that whatever transpires will be fraught with no really dramatic results. It is quite as disappointing as though Miss Braddon should tire of a certain enigmatic plot and tell us to go about our business without any answer. It makes us think of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly declaring that Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford would disclose, if politely violated, not the faintest cryptographic hint. Sceptics begin to ask if Mrs. Druce may not be "trimming." Claimants of peerages have done some very sensational things in bygone years. Caste has always fascinated charlatans. It has, indeed, created maniacs. Religion has done the same, as all students of dementia will admit, and there is hardly a commoner form of insanity than that which believes itself on intimate terms with Deity. But caste, which is also a religion with countless folk in England, not to speak of elsewhere, has haunted many a diseased brain in the semblance of phantom coronets and hobgoblin strawberry leaves. Is Mrs. Druce one of these victims? If so, heaven pity her infirmity, of which it is lamentable that the persecuted Portland family should not heretofore have been informed.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON,
Twentieth Kansas, whose famous chase at Calumpit April 27 won him his present title.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON, U.S.V.,
Who is at present engaged in driving Aguinaldo northward in Luzon. His latest photograph.



REAR-ADMIRAL ERNST BENDORFF,
Who succeeds Admiral Diederich in command of the German fleet in Pacific waters.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH COGHLAN,
Of the United States cruiser Raleigh.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER T. S. PHELPS, JR.,
Of the United States cruiser Raleigh.



CAPTAIN JAMES McQUEEN FORSYTH,
New commander of the cruiser Baltimore of Admiral Dewey's fleet.

PROMINENT MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS OF THE DAY

THE CUBAN ASSEMBLY

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

HAVANA, CUBA, April 25, 1899

LA ASAMBLEA DE REPRESENTANTES DEL PUEBLO ARMADO DE CUBA has had a checkered career, and is now a thing of the past. "We have done our best for the purposes for which we were organized," said a member of the Cuban Assembly of Representatives of the Armed People of Cuba, at the last meeting of this body, "and we have failed; now we are willing that history should judge us." History will probably concern itself very little with the recent doings of this assembly.

The Cuban Assembly was supposedly elected by the Cuban people under arms, in December, 1898. Just how far this election was bona fide and actual is to-day hard to ascertain. There are Cuban soldiers who were in the field during last December who never at that time heard of the Assembly, and the validity of the elections which brought the Assembly into being has been assailed by the enemies of that body. However this may be, it is asserted that each Cuban army corps elected several representatives, and the Assembly's full roll counted forty-three names.

The Assembly's business was to represent, provide and care for the Cuban army. When one realizes what the Cuban army was, and still is; when one realizes what few resources were open to the Assembly; that a foreign country possessed Cuba; that Cuba was starved and battered and torn by war, it can be seen that the Assembly's job was no sinecure. The Assembly has never arrogated to itself the administration of civil powers. Its duties and actions were always directly connected with the Cuban army. The Cuban Commission that went to Washington, under the guidance of Calixto Garcia, to arrange with our President for the payment of the Cuban army, reported to the Assembly upon their return. The Assembly was then holding its meetings in the house of General Mayia Rodriguez, at Marianao, about ten miles from Havana. The commissioners who returned from this mission were harshly criticised by the Assembly for their alleged bungling management of the army's interests. The Assembly considered that three million dollars

was woefully insufficient for the payment of Cuba's soldiers.

At this juncture the Assembly received a cable from Washington, which read: "Do not accept Porter proposition three million; I will see you few days and make very much more advantageous offer.—Alberto Farres." It developed the next day that Farres was a man of no importance or official standing whatever.

A short time before the arrival of this telegram, Mr. R. B. Porter had visited General Maximo Gomez in Remedios, and the general had accepted his proposition for three million dollars. This fact is important in understanding the Assembly's consequent actions. The Assembly declares that Gomez had no right to accept this proposition without consulting them, for they alone represented the army, and that Gomez' acceptance constituted an act of insubordination. It was also a slight upon the Assembly which hurt their pride.

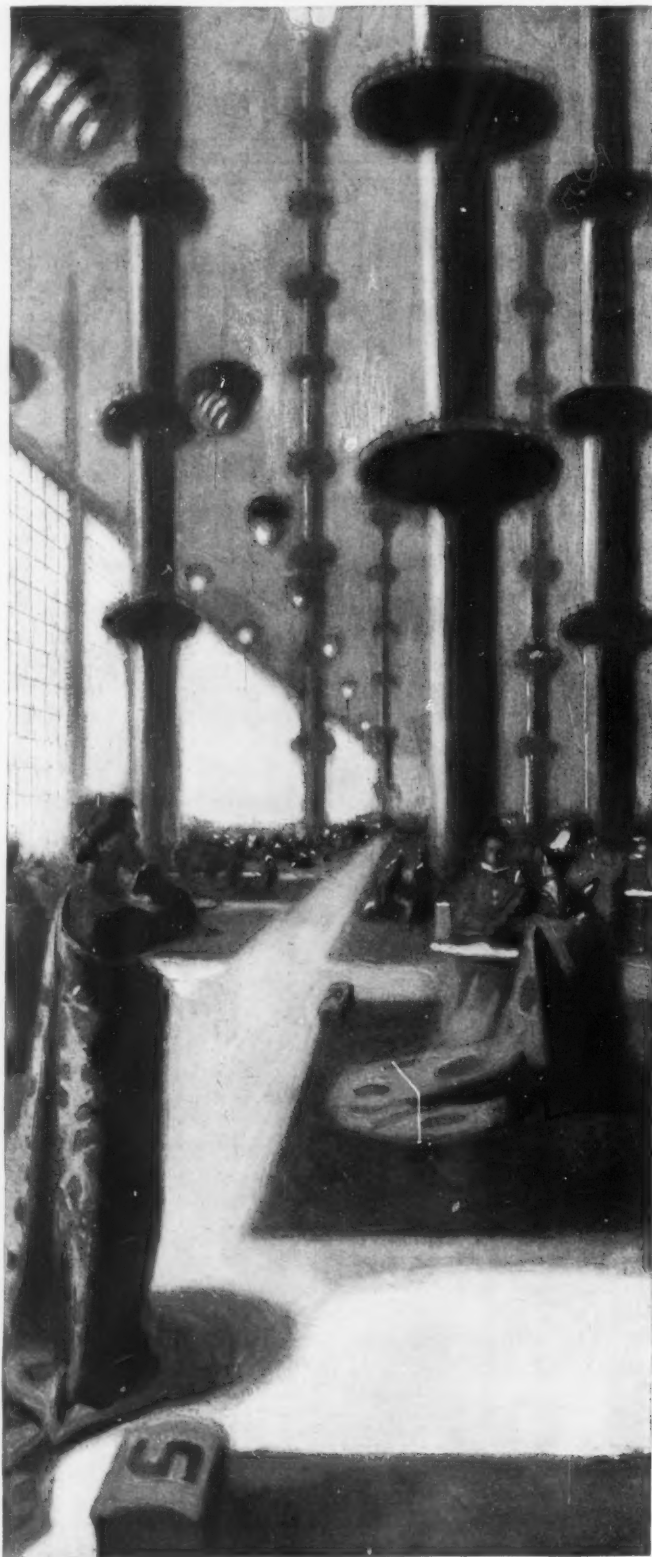
Soon after the receipt of the cable from Farres, the Assembly went into secret session, presumably to discuss the propositions to which the cable referred. These sessions were long and many, and speculation was rife as to what the outcome would be. When public sessions were finally again resumed, the public was not informed of what had transpired behind the closed doors. But the public had a pretty good idea of what had not come to pass. There had been talk of a loan of many millions; a rich American syndicate was prepared to forward a certain sum, but upon conditions so hard that the Assembly could not accept them; some said the syndicate was composed of Western silver-mine owners, who were prepared to coin a special money for Cuba—silver money, of course—which would be accepted and redeemed at its face value, with interests due in gold. For instance, thirty millions in silver coins would cost the syndicate approximately fifteen millions in gold, and the lenders stood to get back their full value in the latter currency or its equivalent. However this may be, the Assembly did not accept the proposition made to it by Mr. Coen of Washington, who represented the rich American syndicate who were ready to loan money to Cuba, and Mr. Coen returned to Washington, after having gone to General Brooke, and in a burst of confidence told the Governor-General of the island what his scheme was and who were his backers.

After the Assembly emerged fruitless from its secret sessions, it found other and important business to hand. This was the deposition of General Maximo Gomez as Commander-in-chief of the Cuban army on the charge of insubordination to the Assembly. Technically the Assembly was in the right, and Gomez accepted his deposition with good grace. This action on the part of the Assembly was most unfortunate. Gomez had but a short time before entered Havana, and he had here been acclaimed by the people in such a way as forever to make glad the heart of the old Santo Dominican fighter. He was the people's hero, the savior of Cuba, and the passionate manifestations in his favor had been studies in hero-worship. It was dangerous to throw down such a popular idol, but the Assembly did it, and the very next day the people of Cuba raised the old man higher than ever on the pedestal of their adulations, and they loudly voiced their displeasure and disgust with the Assembly at the same time. These last manifestations in Gomez' favor were more real and spontaneous than those upon the occasion of his arrival in the city, and excitement ran high. The next meeting of the Assembly, which was in Cerro, a suburb of Havana, was guarded by Cuban soldiers, and there were evidences of fear of violence on the part of the populace. This meeting of the Cuban Assembly should in charity be passed over lightly. They railed and they blustered at the old man whom they had deposed; they insulted him and heaped calumnies upon his head; they were beside themselves with passion and emotion, and, as a body, they presented an undignified and pitiful spectacle. They had prepared a long list of alleged acts of insubordination charged against Gomez, which constituted their reasons for deposing him; and principally, and foremost among them, was his acceptance of the Porter proposition and his ignoring of the Assembly since that time. This lays the Assembly open to the charge of spiteful action. If the Assembly had deposed Gomez at the time of the Porter conference in Remedios, and before Gomez had started the wave of popularity which eventually broke against the Assembly itself, they would have acted with better judgment. But when the people arose to acclaim Gomez after his deposition, they sounded the death-knell of the Cuban Assembly. It dissolved early in the month—formally, on April 4.

HAROLD MARTIN.

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A CURE FOR LOVE BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "When the Sleeper Wakes," etc., etc.

SHE LOOKED AT HIM A MOMENT, THEN HER GAZE PASSED BEYOND HIM

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE

THE EXCELLENT Mr. Morris was an Englishman, and he lived in the days of Queen Victoria the Good. He was a prosperous and very sensible man; he read the "Times" and went to church, and as he grew toward middle age an expression of quiet contented contempt for all who were not as himself settled on his face. He was one of those people who do everything that is right and proper and sensible with inevitable regularity. He always wore just the right and proper clothes, steering the narrow way between the smart and the shabby, always subscribed to the right charities, just the judicious compromise between ostentation and meanness, and never failed to have his hair cut to exactly the proper length.

Everything that it was right and proper for a man in his position to possess, he possessed; and everything that it was not right and proper for a man in his position to possess, he did not possess.

And among other right and proper possessions, this Mr. Morris had a wife and children. They were the right sort of wife, and the right sort and number of children, of course; nothing imaginative or highly-flighted about any of them, so far as Mr. Morris could see; they were perfectly correct clothing, neither smart nor hygienic nor faddy in any way, but just sensible; and they lived in a nice sensible house in the later Victorian sham Queen Anne style of architecture, with sham half-timbering of chocolate-painted plaster in the gables, Lincrusta Walton sham carved oak panels, a terrace of terra cotta to imitate stone, and cathedral glass in the front door. His boys went to good solid schools, and were put to respectable professions; his girls, in spite of a fantastic protest or so, were all married to suitable, steady, oldish young men with good prospects. And when it was a fit and proper thing for him to do so, Mr. Morris died. His tomb was of marble, and, without any art nonsense or laudatory inscription, quietly imposing—such being the fashion of his time.

He underwent various changes according to the accepted custom in these cases, and long before this story begins his bones even had become dust, and were scattered to the four quarters of heaven. And his sons and his grandsons and his great-grandsons and his great-great-grandsons, they too were dust and ashes, and were scattered likewise. It was a thing he could not have imagined, that a day would come when even his great-great-grandsons would be scattered to the four winds of heaven. If any one had suggested it to him he would have resented it. He was one of those worthy people who take no interest in the future of mankind at all. He had grave doubts, indeed, if there was any future for mankind after he was dead. It seemed quite impossible and quite uninteresting to imagine anything happening after he was dead. Yet the thing was so, and when even his great-great-grandson was dead and decayed and forgotten, when the sham half-timbered house had gone the way of all shams, and the "Times" was extinct, and the silk hat a ridiculous antiquity, and the modestly imposing stone that had been sacred to Mr. Morris had been burned to make lime for mortar, and all that Mr. Morris had found real and important was sere and dead, the world was still going on, and people were still going about it, just as heedless and impatient of the Future, or, indeed, of anything but their own selves and property, as Mr. Morris had been.

And, strange to tell, and much as Mr. Morris would have been angered if any one had foreshadowed it to him, all over the world there were scattered a multitude of people, filled with the breath of life, in whose veins the blood of Mr. Morris flowed. Just as some day the life which is gathered now in the reader of this very story may also be scattered far and wide about this world, and mingled with a thousand alien strains, beyond all thought and tracing.

And among the descendants of this Mr. Morris was one almost as sensible and clear-headed as his ancestor. He had just the same stout, short frame as that ancient man of the nineteenth century from whom his name of Morris—he spelled it Mwres—came; he had the same half-contemptuous expression of face. He was a prosperous person, too, as times went, and he disliked the "new-fangled," and bothers about the future and the lower classes, just as much as the ancestral Morris had done. He did not read the "Times"; indeed, he did not know there ever had been a "Times"—that institution had foundered somewhere in the intervening gulf of years; but the phonograph machine, that talked to him as he made his toilet of a morning, might have been the voice of a reincarnated Blowitz when it dealt with the world's affairs. This phonographic machine was the size and shape of a Dutch clock, and down the front of it were electric barometric indicators, and an electric clock and calendar, and automatic engagement reminders, and where the clock would have been was the mouth of a trumpet. When it had news the trumpet gobbled like a turkey, "Gal-loop, galloop," and then brayed out its message as, let

us say, a trumpet might bray. It would tell Mwres in full, rich, throaty tones about the overnight accidents to the omnibus flying machines that plied around the world, the latest arrivals at the fashionable resorts in Tibet, and of all the great monopolist company meetings of the day before, while he was dressing. If Mwres did not like hearing what it said, he had only to touch a stud, and it would choke a little and talk about something else.

Of course his toilet differed very much from that of his ancestor. It is doubtful which would have been the more shocked and pained to find himself in the clothing of the other. Mwres would certainly have sooner gone forth to the world stark naked than in the silk hat, frock coat, gray trousers and watch-chain that had filled Mr. Morris with sombre self-respect in the past. For Mwres there was no slaving to do: a skillful operator had long ago removed every hair-root from his face. His legs he incased in pleasant pink and amber garments of an air-tight material, which with the help of an ingenious little pump he distended so as to suggest enormous muscles. Above this he also wore pneumatic garments beneath an amber silk tunic, so that he was clothed in air and admirably protected against sudden extremes of heat or cold. Over this he flung a scarlet cloak with its edge fantastically curved. On his head, which had been skillfully deprived of every scrap of hair, he adjusted a pleasant little cap of bright scarlet, held on by suction and inflated with hydrogen, and curiously like the comb of a cock. So his toilet was complete; and, conscious of being soberly and becomingly attired, he was ready to face his fellow-beings with a tranquil eye.

This Mwres—the civility of "Mr." had vanished ages ago—was one of the officials under the Wind Vane and Waterfall Trust, the great company that owned every wind wheel and waterfall in the world, and which pumped all the water and supplied all the electric energy that people in these latter days required. He lived in a vast hotel near that part of London called Seventh Way, and had very large and comfortable apartments on the seventeenth floor. Households and family life had long since disappeared with the progressive refinement of manners; and indeed the steady rise in rents and land values, the disappearance of domestic servants, the elaboration of cookery, had rendered the separate domicile of Victorian times impossible, even had any one desired such a savage seclusion. When his toilet was completed he went toward one of the two doors of his apartment—there were doors at opposite ends, each marked with a huge arrow pointing one way and one the other—touched a stud to open it, and emerged on a wide passage, the centre of which bore chairs and was moving at a steady pace to the left. On some of these chairs were seated gayly dressed men and women. He nodded to an acquaintance—it was not in those days etiquette to talk before breakfast—and seated himself on one of these chairs, and in a few seconds he had been carried to the doors of a lift, by which he descended to the great and splendid hall in which his breakfast would be automatically served.

It was a very different meal from a Victorian breakfast. The rude masses of bread needing to be carved and smeared over with animal fat before they could be made palatable, the still recognizable fragments of recently killed animals, hideously charred and hacked, the eggs torn ruthlessly from beneath some protesting hen—such things as these, though they constituted the ordinary fare of Victorian times, would have awakened only horror and disgust in the refined minds of the people of these latter days. Instead were pastes and cakes of agreeable and variegated design, without any suggestion in color or form of the unfortunate animals from which their substance and juices were derived. They appeared on little dishes sliding out upon a rail from a little box at one side of the table. The surface of the table, to judge by touch and eye, would have appeared to a nineteenth-century person to be covered with fine white damask, but this was really an oxidized metallic surface, and could be cleaned instantly after a meal. There were hundreds of such little tables in the hall, and at most of them were other latter-day citizens singly or in groups. And as Mwres seated himself before his elegant repast, the invisible orchestra, which had been resting during an interval, resumed and filled the air with music.

But Mwres did not display any great interest either in his breakfast or the music; his eye wandered incessantly about the hall, as though he expected a belated guest. At last he rose eagerly and waved his hand, and simultaneously across the hall appeared a tall dark figure in a costume of yellow and olive green. As this person, walking amid the tables with measured steps, drew near, the pallid earnestness of his face and the unusual intensity of his eyes became apparent. Mwres repeated himself and pointed to a chair beside him.

"I feared you would never come," he said. In spite of the intervening space of time, the English language was still almost exactly the same as it had been in England under Victoria the Good. The invention of the phonograph and suchlike means of recording sound, and the gradual replacement of books by such contrivances, had not only saved the human eyesight from decay, but had also by the establishment of a sure standard arrested the process of change in accent that had hitherto been so inevitable.

"I was delayed by an interesting case," said the man in green and yellow. "A prominent politician—ahem!—suffering from overwork." He glanced at the breakfast and seated himself. "I have been awake for forty hours."

"Eh dear!" said Mwres: "fancy that! You hypnotists have your work to do."

The hypnotist helped himself to some attractive amber-colored jelly. "I happen to be a good deal in request," he said modestly.

"Heaven knows what we should do without you."

"Oh! we're not so indispensable as all that," said the

hypnotist, ruminating the flavor of the jelly. "The world did very well without us for some thousands of years. Two hundred years ago even—not one! In practice, that is. Physicians by the thousand, of course—frightfully clumsy brutes for the most part, and following one another like sheep—but doctors of the mind, except a few empirical flounders, there were none."

He concentrated his mind on the jelly.

"But were people so sane?" began Mwres.

The hypnotist shook his head. "It didn't matter then if they were a bit silly or faddy. Life was so easy-going then. No competition worth speaking of—no pressure. A human being had to be very lopsided before anything happened. Then, you know they clapped 'em away in what they called a lunatic asylum."

"I know," said Mwres. "In these confounded historical romances that every one is listening to, they always rescue a beautiful girl from an asylum or something of the sort. I don't know if you attend to that rubbish."

"I must confess I do," said the hypnotist. "It carries one out of one's self to hear of those quaint, adventurous, half-civilized days of the nineteenth century, when men were stout and women simple. I like a good swaggering story before all things. Curious times they were, with their smutty railways and puffing old iron trains, their rum little houses and their horse vehicles. I suppose you don't read books?"

"Dear, no!" said Mwres. "I went to a modern school and we had none of that old-fashioned nonsense. Phonographs are good enough for me."

"Of course," said the hypnotist, "of course"; and surveyed the table for his next choice. "You know," he said, helping himself to a dark-blue confection that promised well, "in those days our business was scarcely thought of. I dare say if any one had told them that in two hundred years' time a class of men would be entirely occupied in impressing things upon the memory, effacing unpleasant ideas, controlling and overcoming instinctive but undesirable impulses, and so forth, by means of hypnotism, they would have refused to believe the thing possible. Few people knew that an order made during a mesmeric trance, even an order to forget or an order to desire, could be given so as to be obeyed after the trance was over. Yet there were men alive then who could have told them the thing was as absolutely certain to come about as—well, the transit of Venus."

"They knew of hypnotism, then?"

"Oh dear, yes! They used it—for painless dentistry and things like that! This blue stuff is confoundingly good: what is it?"

"Haven't the faintest idea," said Mwres, "but I admit it's very good. Take some more."

The hypnotist repeated his praises, and there was an appreciative pause.

"Speaking of these historical romances," said Mwres, with an attempt at an easy, off-hand manner, "brings me—ah—to the matter I—ah—had in mind when I asked you—when I expressed a wish to see you." He paused and took a deep breath.

The hypnotist turned an attentive eye upon him, and continued eating.

"The fact is," said Mwres, "I have a—in fact—a daughter. Well, you know I have given her—ah—every educational advantage. Lectures—not a solitary lecturer of ability in the world but she has had a telephone direct—dancing, deportment, conversation, philosophy, art criticism . . ." He indicated catholic culture by a gesture of his hand. "I had intended her to marry a very good friend of mine—Bindon of the Lighting Commission—plain little man, you know, and a bit unpleasant in some of his ways, but an excellent fellow really—an excellent fellow."

"Yes," said the hypnotist, "go on. How old is she?"

"Eighteen."

"A dangerous age. Well?"

"Well: it seems that she has been indulging in these historical romances—excessively. Excessively. Even to the neglect of her philosophy. Filled her mind with unutterable nonsense about soldiers who fight—what is it?—Etruscans?"

"Egyptians."

"Egyptians—very probably. Hack about with swords and revolvers and things—bloodshed galore—horrible!—and about young men on torpedo catchers who blow up—Spaniards, I fancy—and all sorts of irregular adventurers. And she has got it into her head that she must marry for Love, and that poor little Bindon—"

"I've met similar cases," said the hypnotist. "Who is the other young man?"

Mwres maintained an appearance of resigned calm. "You may well ask," he said. "He is"—and his voice sank with shame—"a mere attendant upon the stage on which the flying-machines from Paris alight. He has—as they say in the romances—good looks. He is quite young and very eccentric. Affects the antique—he can read and write! So can she. And instead of communicating by telephone, like sensible people, they write and deliver—what is it?"

"Notes?"

"No—not notes. . . . Ah—poems."

The hypnotist raised his eyebrows. "How did she meet him?"

"Tripped coming down from the flying-machine from Paris—and fell into his arms. The mischief was done in a moment!"

"Yes?"

"Well—that's all. Things must be stopped. That is what I want to consult you about. What must be done? What can be done? Of course I'm not a hypnotist; my knowledge is limited. But you—?"

"Hypnotism is not magic," said the man in green, putting both arms on the table.

"Oh, precisely! But still—!"

"People cannot be hypnotized without their consent. If she is able to stand out against marrying Bindon, she will probably stand out against being hypnotized. But if once she can be hypnotized—even by somebody else—the thing is done."

"You can—?"

"Oh, certainly! Once we get her amenable, then we can suggest that she must marry Bindon—that that is her fate; or that the young man is repulsive, and that when she sees him she will be giddy and faint, or any little thing of that sort. Or if we can get her into a sufficiently profound trance we can suggest that she should forget him altogether—"

"Precisely."

"But the problem is to get her hypnotized. Of course no sort of proposal or suggestion must come from you—because no doubt she already distrusts you in the matter."

The hypnotist leaned his head upon his arm and thought.

"It's hard a man cannot dispose of his own daughter," said Mwres irrelevantly.

"You must give me the name and address of the young lady," said the hypnotist, "and any information bearing upon the matter. And, by the by, is there any money in the affair?"

Mwres hesitated.

"There's a sum—in fact, a considerable sum—invested in the Patent Road Company. From her mother. That's what makes the thing so exasperating."

"Exactly," said the hypnotist. And he proceeded to cross examine Mwres on the entire affair.

It was a length interview.

And meanwhile "Elizabeth Mwres," as she spelled her name, or "Elizabeth Morris," as a nineteenth-century person would have put it, was sitting in a quiet waiting-place beneath the great stage upon which the flying-machine from Paris descended. And beside her sat her slender, handsome lover, reading her the poem he had written that morning while on duty upon the stage. When he had finished they sat for a time in silence; and then, as if for their special entertainment, the great machine that had come flying through the air from America that morning rushed down out of the sky.

At first it was a little oblong, faint and blue amid the distant fleecy clouds; and then it grew swiftly large and white, and larger and whiter, until they could see the separate tiers of sails, each hundreds of feet wide, and the lank body they supported, and at last even the swinging seats of the passengers in a dotted row. Although it was falling it seemed to them to be rushing up the sky, and over the roof-spaces of the city below its shadow leaped toward them. They heard the whistling rush of the air about it and its yelling siren, shrill and swelling, to warn those who were on its landing-stage of its arrival. And abruptly the note fell down a couple of octaves, and it had passed, and the sky was clear and void, and she could turn her sweet eyes again to Denton at her side.

Their silence ended; and Denton, speaking in a little language of broken English that was, they fancied, their private possession—though lovers have used such little languages since the world began—told her how they too would leap into the air one morning out of all the obstacles and difficulties about them, and fly to a sunlight city of delight he knew of in Japan, half-way about the world.

She loved the dream, but she feared the leap; and she put him off with "Some day, dearest one, some day," to all his pleading that it might be soon; and at last came a shrilling of whistles, and it was time for him to go back to his duties on the stage. They parted—as lovers have been wont to part for thousands of years. She walked down a passage to a lift, and so came to one of the streets of that latter-day London, all glazed in with glass from the weather, and with incessant moving platforms that went to all parts of the city. And by one of these she returned to her apartments in the Hotel for Women where she lived, the apartments that were in telephonic communication with all the best lecturers in the world. But the sunlight of the flying stages was in her heart, and the wisdom of all the best lecturers in the world seemed folly in that light.

She spent the middle part of the day in the gymnasium, and took her midday meal with two other girls and their common chaperone—for it was still the custom to have a chaperone in the case of motherless girls of the more prosperous classes. The chaperone had a visitor that day, a man in green and yellow, with a white face and vivid eyes, who talked amazingly. Among other things, he fell to praising a new historical romance that one of the great popular story-tellers of the day had just put forth. It was, of course, about the spacious times of Queen Victoria; and the author, among other pleasing novelties, made a little argument before each section of the story, in imitation of the chapter headings of the old-fashioned books; as, for example, "How the Cabmen of Piccadilly stopped the Victoria Omnibuses, and of the Great Fight in Palace Yard," and "How the Piccadilly Policemen was slain in the midst of his Duty." The man in green and yellow praised this innovation. "These pithy sentences," he said, "are admirable. They show at a glance those headlong, tumultuous times, when men and animals joined in the filthy streets, and death might wait for one at every corner. Life was life then! How great the world must have seemed then! How marvellous! There were still parts of the world absolutely unexplored. Nowadays we have almost abolished wonder, we lead lives so trim and orderly that courage, endurance, faith, all the noble virtues seem fading from mankind."

And so on, taking the girls' thoughts with him, until the life they led, life in the vast and intricate London of the twenty-second century, a life interspersed with soaring excursions to every part of the globe, seemed to them a monotonous misery compared with the dædal past.



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At first Elizabeth did not join in the conversation, but after a time the subject became so interesting that she made a few shy interpolations. But he scarcely seemed to notice her as he talked. He went on to describe a new method of entertaining people. They were hypnotized, and then suggestions were made to them so skillfully that they seemed to be living in ancient times again. They played out a little romance in the past as vivid as reality, and when at last they awakened they remembered all they had been through as though it were a real thing.

"It is a thing we have sought to do for years and years," said the hypnotist. "It is practically an artificial dream. And we know the way at last. Think of all it opens out to us—the enrichment of our experience, the recovery of adventure, the refuge it offers from this sordid, competitive life in which we live! Think!"

"And you can do that?" said the chaperone eagerly. "The thing is possible at last," the hypnotist said. "You may order a dream as you wish."

The chaperone was the first to be hypnotized, and the dream, she said, was wonderful, when she came to again.

The other two girls, encouraged by her enthusiasm, also placed themselves in the hands of the hypnotist and had plunges into the romantic past. No one suggested that Elizabeth should try this novel entertainment; it was at her own request at last that she was taken into that land of dreams where there is neither any freedom of choice nor will. . . .

And so the mischief was done.

One day, when Denton went down to that quiet seat beneath the flying stage, Elizabeth was not in her wonted place. He was disappointed, and a little angry. The next day she did not come, and the next also. He was afraid. To hide his fear from himself, he set to work to write sonnets for her when she should come again. . . .

For three days he fought against his dread by such distraction, and then the truth was before him clear and cold, and would not be denied. She might be ill, she might be dead; but he would not believe that he had been betrayed. There followed a week of misery. And then he knew she was the only thing on earth worth having, and that he must seek her, however hopeless the search, until she was found once more.

He had some small private means of his own, and so he threw over his appointment on the flying stage, and set himself to find this girl who had become at last all the world to him. He did not know where she lived, and little of her circumstances; for it had been part of the delight of her girlish romance that he should know nothing of her, nothing of the difference of their station. The ways of the city opened before him east and west, north and south. Even in Victorian days London was a maze, that little London with its poor four millions of people; but the London he explored, the London of the twenty-second century, was a London of thirty million souls. At first he was energetic and headlong, taking time neither to eat nor sleep. He sought for weeks and months, he went through every imaginable phase of fatigue and despair, over-excitement and anger. Long after hope was dead, by the sheer inertia of his desire he still went to and fro, peering into faces and looking this way and that, in the incessant ways and lifts and passages of that interminable hive of men.

At last chance was kind to him, and he saw her. It was in a time of festivity. He was hungry; he had paid the inclusive fee and had gone into one of the gigantic dining-places of the city; he was pushing his way among the tables and scrutinizing by mere force of habit every group he passed.

He stood still, robbed of all power of motion, his eyes wide, his lips apart. Elizabeth sat scarcely twenty yards away from him, looking straight at him. Her eyes were as hard to him, as hard and expressionless and void of recognition, as the eyes of a statue.

She looked at him for a moment, and then her gaze passed beyond him.

Had he had only her eyes to judge by he might have doubted if it was indeed Elizabeth, but he knew her by the gesture of her hand, by the grace of a wanton little curl that floated over her ear as she moved her head. Something was said to her, and she turned, smiling tolerantly, to the man beside her, a little man in foolish raiment knobbed and spiked like some odd reptile with pneumatic horns—the Bindon of her father's choice.

For a moment Denton stood white and wild-eyed; then came a terrible faintness, and he sat before one of the little tables. He sat down with his back to her, and for a time he did not dare to look at her again. When at last he did, she and Bindon and two other people were standing up to go. The others were her father and her chaperone.

He sat as if incapable of action until the four figures were remote and small, and then he rose up possessed with the one idea of pursuit. For a space he feared he had lost them, and then he came upon Elizabeth and her chaperone again in one of the streets of moving platforms that intersected the city. Bindon and Mwres had disappeared.

He could not control himself to patience. He felt he must speak to her forthwith, or die. He pushed forward to where they were seated, and sat down beside them. His white face was convulsed with half-hysterical excitement.

He laid his hand on her wrist. "Elizabeth?" he said. She turned in unfeigned astonishment. Nothing but the fear of a strange man showed in her face.

"Elizabeth," he cried, and his voice was strange to him: "dearest—you know me?"

Elizabeth's face showed nothing but alarm and perplexity. She drew herself away from him. The chaperone, a little gray-headed woman with mobile features, leaned forward to intervene. Her resolute bright eyes examined Denton. "What do you say?" she asked.

"This young lady," said Denton—"she knows me."

"Do you know him, dear?"

"No," said Elizabeth in a strange voice, and with a hand to her forehead, speaking almost as one who repeats a lesson. "No, I do not know him. I know—I do not know him."

"But—but . . . Not know me! It is I—Denton. Denton! To whom you used to talk. Don't you remember the flying stages? The little seat in the open air? The verses—"

"No," cried Elizabeth—"no, I do not know him. I do not know him. There is something . . . But I don't know. All I know is that I do not know him." Her face was a face of infinite distress.

The sharp eyes of the chaperone flitted to and fro from the girl to the man. "You see?" she said, with the faint shadow of a smile. "She does not know you." "I do not know you," said Elizabeth. "Of that I am sure."

"But, dear—the songs—the little verses—"

"She does not know you," said the chaperone. "You must not . . . You have made a mistake. You must not go on talking to us after that. You must not annoy us on the public ways."

"But—" said Denton, and for a moment his miserably haggard face appealed against fate.

"You must not persist, young man," protested the chaperone.

"Elizabeth!" he cried.

Her face was the face of one who is tormented. "I do not know you," she cried, hand to brow. "Oh, I do not know you!"

For an instant Denton sat stunned. Then he stood up and groaned aloud.

He made a strange gesture of appeal toward the remote glass roof of the public way, then turned and went plunging recklessly from one moving platform to another, and vanished amid the swarms of people going to and fro thereon. The chaperone's eyes followed him, and then she looked at the curious faces about her.

"Dear," asked Elizabeth, clasping her hand, and too deeply moved to heed observation, "who was that man? Who was that man?"

The chaperone raised her eyebrows. She spoke in a clear, audible voice. "Some half-witted creature. I have never set eyes on him before."

"Never?"

"Never, dear. Do not trouble your mind about a thing like this."

And soon after this the celebrated hypnotist who dressed in green and yellow had another client. The young man paced his consulting-room, pale and disordered. "I want to forget," he cried. "I must forget."

The hypnotist watched him with quiet eyes, studied his face and clothes and bearing. "To forget anything—pleasure or pain—is to be, by so much—less. However, you know your own concern. My fee is high."

"If only I can forget—"

"That's easy enough with you. You wish it. I've done much harder things. Quite recently, I hardly expected to do it: the thing was done against the will of the hypnotized person. A love affair too—like yours. A girl. So rest assured."

The young man came and sat beside the hypnotist. His manner was a forced calm. He looked into the hypnotist's eyes. "I will tell you. Of course you will want to know what it is. There was a girl. Her name was Elizabeth Mwres. Well . . ."

He stopped. He had seen the instant surprise on the hypnotist's face. In that instant he knew. He stood up. He seemed to dominate the seated figure by his side. He gripped the shoulder of green and gold. "For a time he could not find words."

"Give her me back!" he said at last. "Give her me back!"

"What do you mean?" gasped the hypnotist.

"Give her me back."

"Give whom?"

"Elizabeth Mwres—the girl—"

The hypnotist tried to free himself; he rose to his feet. Denton's grip tightened.

"Let go!" cried the hypnotist, thrusting an arm against Denton's chest.

In a moment the two men were locked in a clumsy wrestle. Neither had the slightest training—for athletics, except for exhibition and to afford opportunity for betting, had faded out of the earth—but Denton was not only the younger but the stronger of the two. They swayed across the room, and then the hypnotist had gone down under his antagonist. They fell together. . . .

Denton leaped to his feet, dismayed at his own fury; but the hypnotist lay still, and suddenly from a little white mark where his forehead had struck a stool shot a hurrying band of red. For a space Denton stood over him irresolute, trembling.

A fear of the consequences entered his gently nurtured mind. He turned toward the door. "No," he said aloud, and came back to the middle of the room. Overcoming the instinctive repugnance of one who had seen no act of violence in all his life before, he knelt down beside his antagonist and felt his heart. Then he peered at the wound. He rose quietly and looked about him. He began to see more of the situation.

When presently the hypnotist recovered his senses, his head ached severely, his back was against Denton's knees and Denton was sponging his face.

The hypnotist did not speak. But presently he indicated by a gesture that in his opinion he had been sponged enough. "Let me get up," he said.

"Not yet," said Denton.

"You have assaulted me, you scoundrel!"

"We are alone," said Denton, "and the door is secure."

There was an interval of thought.

"Unless I sponge," said Denton, "your forehead will develop a tremendous bruise."

"You can go on sponging," said the hypnotist sulkily.

There was another pause.

"We might be in the Stone Age," said the hypnotist. "Violence! Struggle!"

"In the Stone Age no man dared to come between man and woman," said Denton.

The hypnotist thought again.

"What are you going to do?" he asked sulkily.

"While you were insensible I found the girl's address on your tablets. I did not know it before. I telephoned. She will be here soon. Then—"

"She will bring her chaperone."

"That is all right."

"But what—? I don't see. What do you mean to do?"

"I looked about for a weapon also. It is an astonishing thing how few weapons there are nowadays, if you consider that in the Stone Age men owned scarcely anything but weapons. I hit at last upon this lamp. I have wrenched off the wires and things, and I hold it so."

He extended it over the hypnotist's shoulders. "With that I can quite easily smash your skull. I will—unless you do as I tell you."

"Violence is no remedy," said the hypnotist, quoting from the "Modern Man's Book of Moral Maxims."

"It's an undesirable disease," said Denton.

"Well?"

"You will tell that chaperone you are going to order the girl to marry that knobby little brute with the red hair and ferret eyes. I believe that's how things stand?"

"Yes—that's how things stand."

"And, pretending to do that, you will restore her memory of me."

"It's unprofessional."

"Look here! If I cannot have that girl I would rather die than not. I don't propose to respect your little fancies. If anything goes wrong you shall not live five minutes. This is a rude makeshift of a weapon, and it may quite conceivably be painful to kill you. But I will. It is unusual, I know, nowadays, to do things like this—mainly because there is so little in life that is worth being violent about."

"The chaperone will see you directly she comes—"

"I shall stand in that recess. Behind you."

The hypnotist thought. "You are a determined young man," he said, "and only half civilized. I have tried to do my duty to my client, but in this affair you seem likely to get your own way. . . ."

"You mean to deal straightly?"

"I'm not going to risk having my brains scattered in a petty affair like this."

"And afterward?"

"There is nothing a hypnotist or doctor hates so much as a scandal. I at least am no savage. I am annoyed. . . . But in a day or so I shall bear no malice. . . ."

"Thank you. And now that we understand each other, there is no necessity to keep you sitting any longer on the floor."

AN OLD FAN

A Dainty thing, with rare illuminations,
Old lace grown yellow, lines of faded gold
Whose arabesques uncertain gleam, and faintly,
Worn by much careful closing, fold by fold.

Ages ago, these tarnished colors trembled
With new-born life, thrilled from the hand of Art;
Each wondrous fancy, by the touch of genius,
Graving its beauty on "my lady's" heart.

Swinging from slender zones, in old cotillions,
Or sinuous, languorous, matchless minuettes,
With princes *vis à vis*, to airs Sicilian—
One marvels if the fan itself forgets?

In Louis's court, under great candelabras,
The tale of love, traced by the painter's hand,
Made the sweet text for many a declaration,
That gave rejoicing to a kingly land.

Now all are gone, kings, queens and courtiers faded
Into oblivion; still some grace is thine—
The magic of the past; its rare traditions
Live in thy dim, fair realm, old fan of mine.

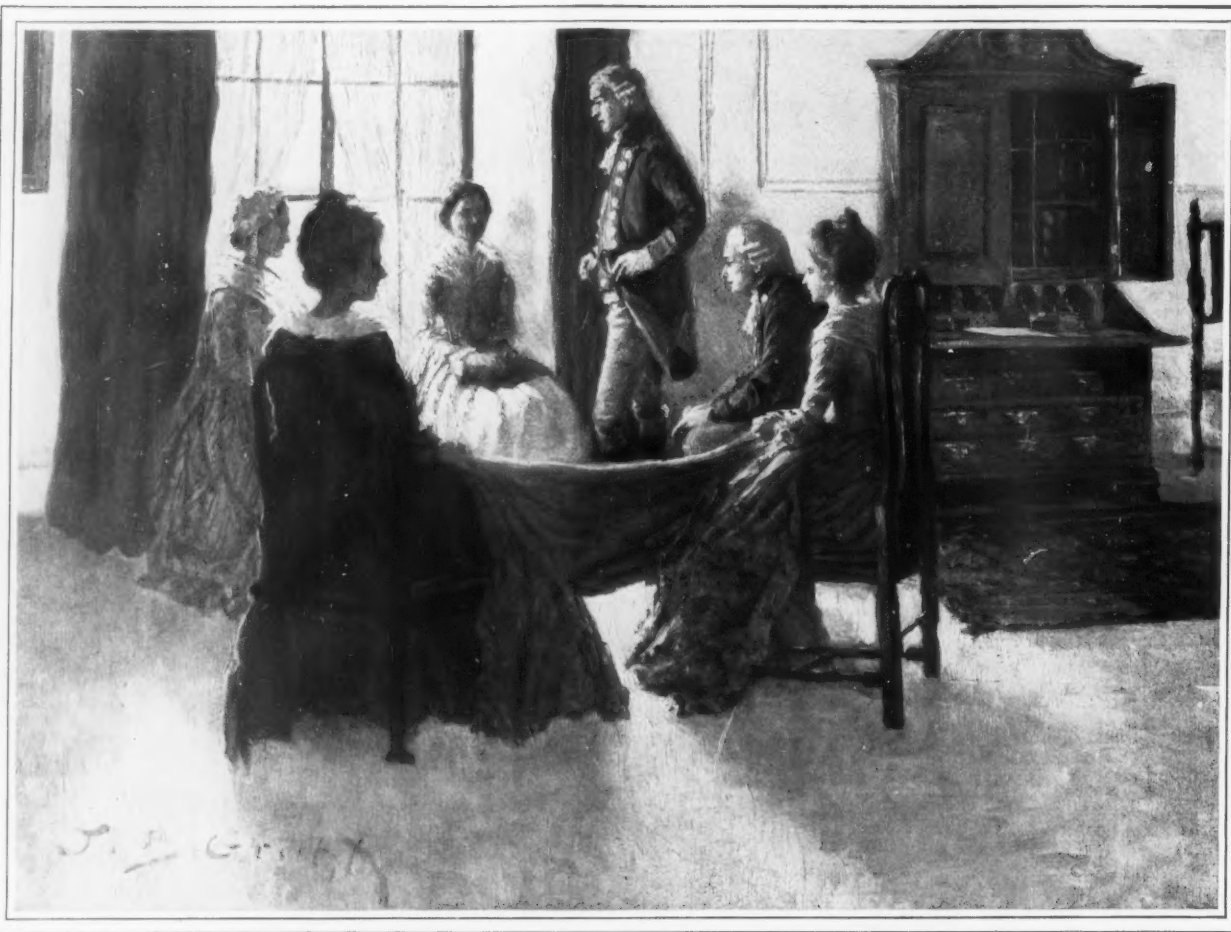
MARY A. DENISON.

ROSE-LEAVES

BLUSH-ROSES in their crystal vase were swaying
The while her fingers lightly swept the keys,
Unconsciously and gently as the breeze
Æolian harp-strings wakens To her playing
The roses leaned and listened: they were praying
In red and pale, with all their odorous pleas,
That she should sing. Then, to her melodies,
They hushed, they thrilled, like my heart's blood
obeying.

When, as the sunset fades with passing day,
Leaving the earth and sky to dreams enchanted,
The music on its last chord died away
And with its mystery my soul was haunted—
A shower of petals fell where, listless-fingered,
Her lily hands upon the keyboard lingered.

HENRY TYRRELL.



DRAWN BY J. BELL GRAFF

JANICE ENJOYED THE NOVEL AND DELIGHTFUL WORLD INTO WHICH SHE HAD PLUNGED

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Began in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fournes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist. Fournes secretly loves Janice. He becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fournes. The Royalist army descends into New Jersey. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse. The officers are entertained by the Merediths. Fournes (or Colonel Brereton) is captured by British troops. With Janice's help he escapes. Washington crosses the Delaware and defeats the Hessians. A force of Royalists is defeated by Continentals at Greenwood. The Meredith homestead is sacked and the outbuildings fired.

The Merediths endeavor to bring about a marriage between Janice and Philemon Hennon, a royalist neighbor. Colonel Brereton kidnaps Hennon and prevents the marriage. Squire Meredith is tarred and feathered by the Whigs and driven from the county. Janice, seeking her father, is detained by the illness of Mrs. Meredith and again meets Brereton at Philadelphia. She is threatened with famine, after Washington defeats Burgoyne. She meets Major André and Lord Clowes, who assists the Merediths and mingles in gay society.

XXXIV

A CHOICE OF EVIL



THE FIRST CHECK TO JANICE'S full enjoyment of the novel and delightful world into which she had plunged so eagerly came early in March.

"I have ill news for ye, my child," Mr. Meredith apprised her, as he entered the room where she was sitting. "I just parted from Mr. Loring, the Commissary of Prisoners, and he asked if Philemon Hennon were not a friend of ours, and then told me that the deputy-commissary at Morristown writ him last week that the lad had died of the putrid fever."

"I am very sorry," the girl said, with a genuine regret in her voice. "He—I wish—I can't but feel that 'tis something for which I am to blame."

"Nay, don't lay reproach on yourself, Jan," advised the father, little reckoning of what was in his daughter's

mind. "If we go to blaming ourselves for the results of well-considered conduct there is no end to sorrow. But I fear me his death will bring us a fresh difficulty. We'll say nothing of the news to Lord Clowes, and trust that he hear not of it; for once known, he'll probably begin teasing us to let him wed ye."

"Dadda!" cried Janice, "you never would—would give him encouragement? Oh, no, you—you love me too much."

"Ye know I love ye, Jan, and that whatever I do I try to do my best for ye. But—"

"Then don't give him any hope. Oh, dadda, if you knew how I—"

"He's not the man I'd pick for ye, Jan, that I grant. Clowes is—"

"He beguiled me shamefully—and he broke his parole—and he takes mean advantage whene'er he can—and he crawls half the time and bullies the rest—and when he's polite he makes me shudder or grow cold—and when he's—"

"Now, don't fly into a flounce or a ferment till ye've listened to what I have to say, child. 'Tis—"

"Oh, dadda, no! Don't—"

"Hark to me, Janice, and then ye shall have all the speech ye wish. By this time, lass, thou'rt old enough to know that life is not made up of doing what one wishes, but doing what one can or must. The future for us is far blacker than I have chosen to paint to ye. Many of the British officers themselves now concede that America cannot be conquered, and the outlook is made the more hopeless by the probability that France will come to the assistance of the rebels. The Pennsylvania Assembly has before it an act of attainder and forfeiture which will drive from the colony all those who have held by the king, and take from them their lands; and as soon as the Jersey Assembly meets it will no doubt do the same, and vote us into exile and poverty. Even if my having taken no active part should save me from this fate, the future is scarce bettered, for 'twill take years for the country to recover from this war, and rents will remain unpaid. Nor is this the depth of our difficulties. Already I am a debtor to the tune of nigh four hundred pounds to Lord Clowes—"

"Dadda, no!" cried the girl. "Don't say it!"

"Ay. Where did ye suppose the money came from on which I lived in New York and all of us here? Didst think thy gown came from heaven?"

"I'd have died sooner than owe it to him," moaned Janice. "How could you let me go to the expense?"

"'Twas not to be avoided, Jan. As Sir William's wish was that we should lend our countenance to the festivities, 'twould not have done to displease him, and since I was to be debtor to Lord Clowes, another fifty pounds was not worth balking at. More still I'll have to ask from him, I fear, ere we are safe out of this wretched coil."

"Oh, prithee, dadda," implored the girl, "do not take another shilling. I'll work my fingers to the bone—do anything—rather than be indebted to him!"

"'Tis not to be helped, child. Think ye work is to be obtained at such a time, with hundreds in the city out of employment and at the point of starvation? Thank thy stars rather that we have a friend who not merely gives us a shelter and food, but advances us cash enough to make us easy. Dost think I have not tried for employment myself? I've been to merchant after merchant to beg even smouting work, and done the same to the quartermaster's and commissary's departments, but nothing wage-earning is to be had."

"'Tis horrible!" despairingly wailed Janice.

"That it might be blacker can at least be said, and that is why I wish thee not to let thy feelings set too strongly against Lord Clowes. Here's a peer of England, Jan, with wealth as well, eager to wed thee. He is not what I would have him, but it would be a load off my mind and off thy mother's to feel that thy future at least is made safe and—"

"I'd die sooner than live such a future," cried the girl. "I could not live with him!"

"Yet ye ran off with this man."

"But then I did not know him as I know him now. You won't force me, will you, dadda?"

"That I'll not; but act not impulsively, lass. Talk with thy mother, and view it from all sides. And meantime, we'll hope he'll not hear of the poor lad's death."

Left alone by her father to digest this advice, Janice lapsed into a despondent attitude, while remarking: "'Tis horrible, and never could I bring myself to it. Starvation would be easier." She sat a little time pondering; then, getting her cloak, calash, and pattens, she set forth, the look of thought displaced by one of determination. A hurried walk of a few squares brought her to a house before which a sentry paced, and there she stopped.

"Is Sir William within?" she asked of the uniformed servant who answered her knock, and when told that he was, added: "Wilt say that Miss Meredith begs speech with him?"

The servant showed her into the parlor, then passed into the room back of it, and Janice heard the murmur of his words as he delivered her message.

"Miss Meredith," cried a woman's voice. "What does that hussy want with you, Sir William?"

The bass of a masculine reply came to the visitor's ears, though pitched too low for her to distinguish words.

"I know better than to take any man's oath concerning that," retorted the feminine speaker, and, on the last word, the door was flung wider open and a woman of full figure and of very pronounced beauty burst into the room where the girl sat, closely followed, if not in fact pursued, by the British commander-in-chief. "What do you want with Sir William?" she demanded.

Janice had risen, half in fright and half in courtesy, but the cry she uttered, even as the inquiry was put, was significant of something more than either.

"Well," went on the questioner, "art struck with a syncope that you do nothing but gape and stare at me?"

"I beg your pardon," faltered the girl. "I recognized—that is—I mean, 'twas thy painting that—"

"Malapert!" shrieked the woman. "How dare you say I paint! Dost have the vanity to think thou'rt the only one with a red and white skin?"

"Oh, indeed, madam," gasped Janice, "I alluded not to thy painting and powdering, but to the miniature that—"

"Sir William," screamed the dame, too furious even

and the rebels are making it plain they intend to punish with the utmost severity all who take sides with us."

"But even that is better than—than—than running in debt," exclaimed Janice. "I assure you that anything is better—"

"Enough!" declared the general, as the girl hesitated. "Your father shall be gazetted one of the wardens of abandoned property at once. 'Twill give him a salary and fees as well."

"Ah, Sir William, how can I ever thank you enough?" murmured the girl, feeling, indeed, as if an end had come to her troubles. She made a deep courtesy to Mrs. Loring, a second to the general, and then took the hand he offered her to the front door. "I beg, Sir William," she said at parting, "that you will assure Mrs. Loring that I really did not—"

The general interrupted her with a laugh. "A man with an evil smell takes offence at every wrinkled nose," he asserted, "and you hit upon a subject on which my friend has perhaps cause to be sensitive."

Janice ran rather than walked the whole way home, and, not stopping when she reached the house to tell her father of her successful mission, or even to remove her cloak and calash, she tripped upstairs to her room, went straight to her bureau, and, pulling open the bottom drawer, took from it the miniature, and scrutinized it closely for a moment. "'Tis she beyond question!" the girl ejaculated. "And I always thought of her as a young female, never suspecting it might have been some time painted. Why, she is a good ten years older than Colonel Brereton, or at least eight, let

When later the dancers adjourned to the supper-room, Lord Cathcart tossed a billet across the table to André, and he in turn passed it to Mobray, who was squiring Janice. The baronet held it so that she could see the message as well, and inscribed on the paper were the lines:

"Your question don't think me a moment ignoring:
How long has she honored the surname of Loring?
Woe, first tell, how a man without honor
Could ever confer that fair jewel upon her?"

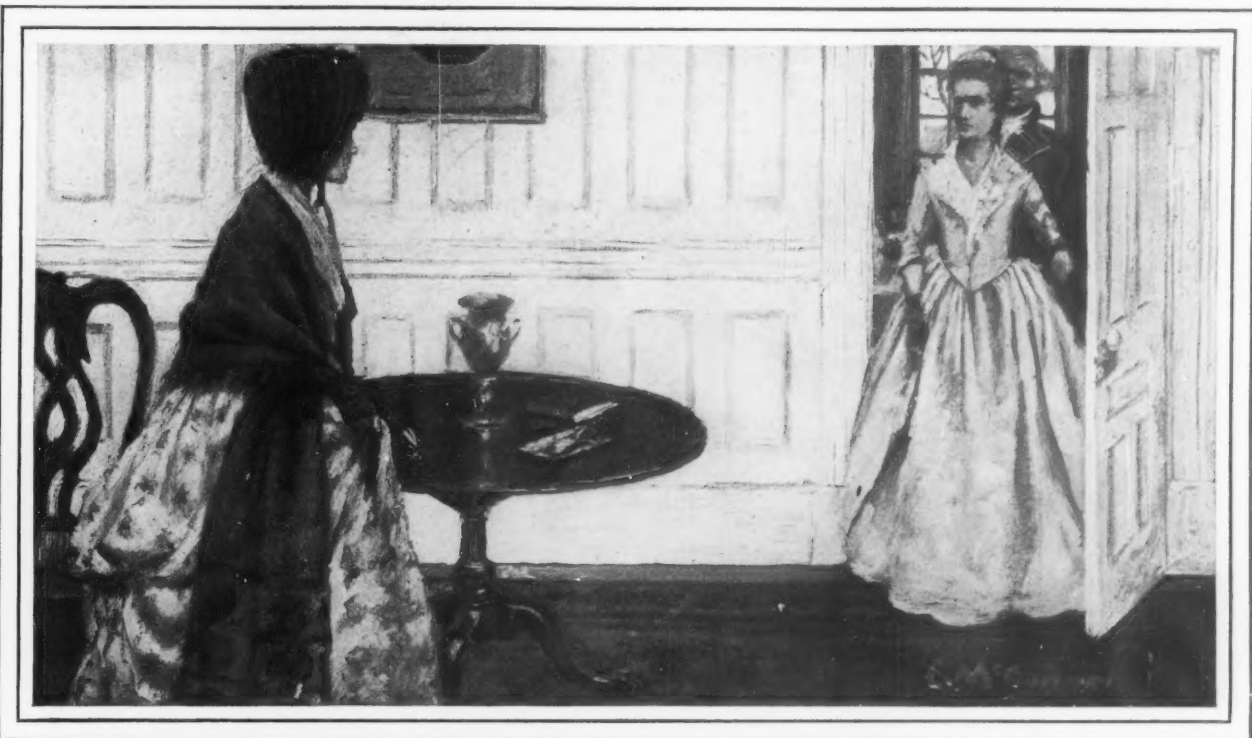
Sir Frederick, before handing it back, took Janice's pencil from her dancing card, and scribbled on the back of the quip:

"The answer is plain, for by means of her face,
The lady secured him an honorable place.
In return for the favor, by clergy and vow,
She made sure of her honor, but who knows when
or Howe?"

And from that interchange of epigrams Janice asked no further questions relative to Mrs. Loring, unless it might be of herself.

The gazettement of Mr. Meredith served only to bring matters to a head, and on the very evening his appointment was announced in the "Pennsylvania Ledger" the commissary recurred to his proposal.

"I heard by chance to-day that young Hemion had fallen a victim to the camp fever," he told the squire, "and only held my tongue before the ladies through not wishing to be the reporter of bad tidings—though, as I understood it, neither Mrs. Meredith nor Miss Janice really wished the match."



DRAWN BY EMILEN MCCONNELL

JANICE HAD RISEN, HALF IN FRIGHT, HALF IN COURTESY

to heed the attempted explanation, "how can you stand there and hear me so insulted?"

"Then in Heaven's name get back to the room from which you should ne'er have come," muttered Howe crossly.

"And leave you to the tête-à-tête you wish with this bold minx."

"Ay, leave me to learn why Miss Meredith honors me with this visit."

"You need not my absence, if that is all you wish to know. 'Twould be highly wrong to leave a miss, however artful, unmatronized. Here I stay till I see cause to change my mind."

Sir William said something below his breath with a manner suggestive of an oath, shrugged his shoulders, and turned to Janice. "Old friends are not to be controlled, Miss Meredith," he said, "and since we are to have a third for our interview, let me make you known to each other. Mrs. Loring, Miss Meredith."

"I pray you, madam, to believe," entreated Janice, even as she made her courtesy, "that you entirely misinterpreted—"

"I care not what you meant," broke in Mrs. Loring, without the pretence of returning the obeisance. "Say thy say to Sir William, and be gone."

"Damn you, Jane!" swore the general, bursting into a rage. "If you cannot behave yourself I will call in the servants and have you put from the room. Please be seated, Miss Meredith, and tell me in what manner I can serve you."

"I came, Sir William, to beg that you would give my father some position by which he could earn a living. We are totally without money, and getting daily deeper in debt."

"Your wish is a command," replied Sir William gallantly, "but are you sure 'tis best? Remember that the moment your father takes position from me he commits himself far more in the cause than he has hitherto,

alone that she paints and powders! If that is the ill-mannered creature he gave his love to I have little pity for him."

This decided, the maiden sought out her father and informed him of her mission and its successful result.

"Why, Jan," exclaimed her father, "thou'rt indeed a wonderful lass to have schemed and carried it through. I'd have spoke to Sir William myself, but he keeps himself so secluded that never a chance have I had to speak to him save in public. It is for the best, however, for I doubt not he paid more heed to thy young lips than ever he would to mine. Had ye told me, however, I would have gone with ye, for it must have been a tax on thy courage to have ventured alone."

"I didn't even let myself think of it," replied the daughter, "and, indeed, 'twas so much easier than the thought of your further increasing your debt to Lord Clowes that 'twas nothing." Then, after a slight pause, she asked: "Dadda, who is the Mrs. Loring I found at Sir William's?"

"Humph!" grunted the squire, with obvious annoyance. "'Tis the wife of Joshua Loring, commissary of prisoners."

"Has she been long married to him?" asked Janice. "That I know not; and the less you concern yourself, Jan, with her the better."

Despite this recommendation, Janice once again repeated her question, this time making it to André at the Assembly that evening.

"I know not," the captain told her, pursing up his lips and raising his eyebrows. Then he called to his opposite in the quadrille: "Cathcart, can you tell me how long Mrs. Loring has rejoiced in that title of honor?"

The earl laughed as if André had said something witty, and made reply: "Since ever I can remember, and that is a full five years."

The father took time over a swallow of Madeira, then said: "'Tis a grievous end for the good lad."

"Ay, though I am not hypocrite enough to pretend that it affects me save for the freeing of thy daughter, and so removing the one objection ye made to my taking her to wife."

Once more the squire gained a moment's breathing space over his wine before he replied: "Ye know, Clowes, that I'd willingly give ye the girl, but I find that she will have none of it, and 'tis a matter on which I choose not to force her inclination."

"Well said; and I am the last man to wish an unwilling spouse," responded the aspirant. "But ye know women's ways enough not to be their dupes. In truth, having no stability of mind, the sex resemble a ship without a rudder, veering with every shift of the wind, and never sailing two days alike. But put a man at the helm, and they steer as straight a course as could be wished. Janice was hot to wed me once, and though she took affront later because she held me responsible for her punishment, yet she herself owned, but a few weeks ago, that she was still bound to me, which shows how little her moods mean. Having your consent secured, it will take me but a brief wooing to gain hers, that ye shall see."

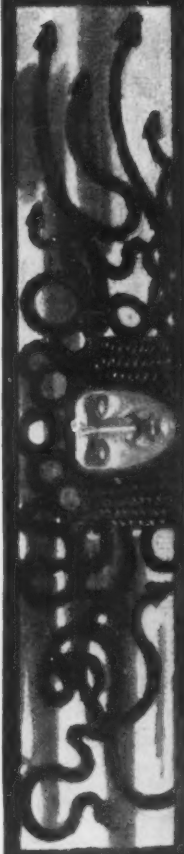
"Well," rejoined Mr. Meredith, "she's now old enough to know her own mind, and if ye can win her assent to your suit, mine shall not be lacking. But 'tis for ye to do that."

"Spoken like a true friend, and there's my hand on it," declared the commissary. "But there is one matter in which I wish ye to put an interfering finger, not so much to aid me as to save the maid from hazard. That fopling Mobray is buzzing about her and pilfering all the sweets that can be had short of matrimony—"

"Nay, Clowes, he's no intriguer against my lass, that I am bound to say. 'Twas only this morning—the mo-

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

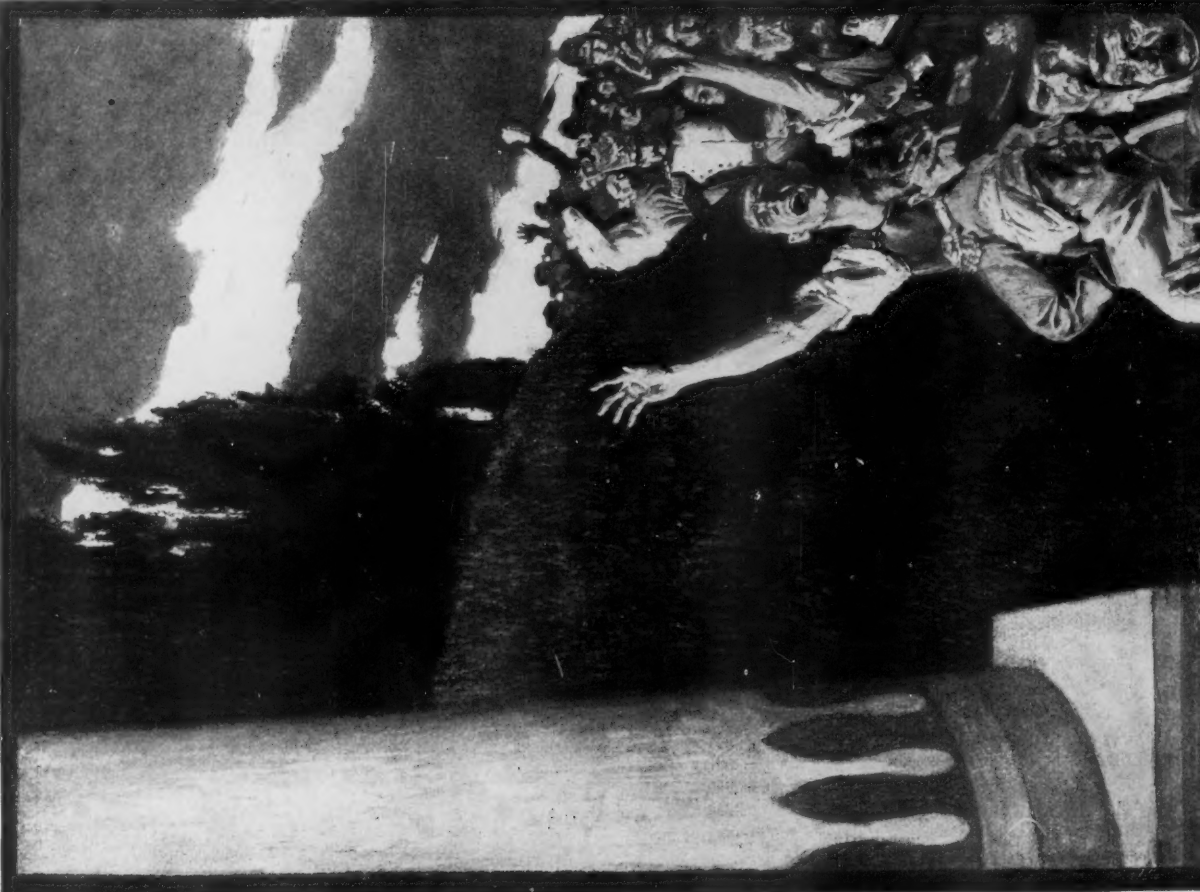
The War Song of the Slain



I
DREAMED my soul went wandering through
a wood
Of cypress, black against a sunset sky,
And heavy, so they moved to no wind's breath.
Silence more deep than man has understood
Followed my steps; light failed, and by and by
I stood at evening near the Gate of Death.

II
Here the black wood divided. Through the space
A wide, white road led downward to the great
Red sandstone columns with a world on each.
High were the gray skulls heaped at either base—
And these are they who meet an unknown fate
And die forgotten far from human reach.

III
Behind the Gate was darkness absolute.
Before, the road between the cypress woods
Stretched ever onward till it reached a plain,
From where I heard, because all else was mute,
Faintly the clamorous tongues of war's fierce broods—
Of men's wild voices, hoarse with fear and pain.



From where I heard, because all else was mute,
Faintly the clamorous tongues of war's fierce broods—
Of men's wild voices, hoarse with fear and pain.

IV

Then suddenly, above the battle's roar,
There came a sound of singing, which arose
From a vast company, who crossed the dim
Plain's nearer edge and down the road did pour.
In life and death my soul shall never lose
The mournful echo of that mighty hymn—

V

"Our souls have left the battle's rage and din,
Our ears are deaf to shouts of victory—
Is there no quiet place where we may stay?
Our eyes are blinded and we cannot see,
Our feet are dull and will not find the way,
Throw wide the Gates of Death and let us in!

VI

"Who take the sword must perish by the sword.
Our only trade is fighting—and through hell
We dragged our bodies for our countries' gain.
Is it enough, oh God? Have we fought well?
Then give us rest from strife and peace from pain,
And let us die! We ask no more reward."

VII

And so they passed me, those of every race,
A maimed, distorted multitude of men,
Still bleeding from the wounds of which they died.
White as a clown's chalk mask each ghastly face
Turned once before the Gate was reached, and then
Went down to darkness on the other side.

CAROLINE DUER



DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY E. HERING

ment he had news of Hennon's death—he came to me like a man, to ask permission to address her."

"Ho, he's deeper bitten by her charms than I thought!" retorted the suitor. "Or, on second thought, more like 'tis a last desperate leap to save himself from ruin. Let me warn ye that he has enough paper out to beggar him thrice over, and 'tis only a question of time ere his creditors come down on him and force him to sell his commission; after which he must sink into beggary."

"I sorrow to hear it. He's a likely lad, and has kindly stood us in stead more than once."

"And just because of his taking parts, he is likely to keep thy girl's heart in a state of incertitude, for 'tis only mortal for nineteen to fancy twenty-one more than forty-four. Therefore, unless ye want a gambling bankrupt for a son-in-law, give him his marching orders."

"I'll not do that after his kindness to my wife and child; but I'll take good care to warn Janice."

"Look that ye don't only make him the more interesting to her. Girls of her age think little of where the next meal is to come from, and dote on the young prodigal."

"Have no fear on that score," replied the father.

On the morning following this conversation Janice was stopped by the commissary as she was passing the room on the ground floor that he had turned into a half-office. "Will ye give me the honor of your presence within for a moment?" he requested. "I have something of import to say to ye."

With a little trepidation the girl entered, and took the seat he placed for her.

Taking a standing position at a respectful distance, Lord Clowes followed her into the room, and at once plunged into the object of the interview. "That I have long wished ye for my wife, Miss Meredith," he said, with frank bluffness, "is scarce worth repeating. That in one or two instances I have given ye cause to blame or doubt me I am full conscious; 'tis not in man, I fear, to love such beauty, grace and elegance, and keep his blood ever within bounds. 'Twas this led me to suggest our elopement; and to my effort to bind ye to the truth. In both of these I erred, and now crave a pardon. Ye can scarce hold me guilty, that my love made me hot for the quickest marriage I could compass, or that, believing ye in honor pledged to me, I should seek to assure myself of the plight from your own lips, ungenerous though it was at the moment. It has since been my endeavor to show that I regretted my impulsive persecution, and I trust that my long forbearance and self-effacement have proved to ye that your comfort and happiness are the first object of my heart."

"You have been very good to us all," answered Janice, "and I would that I were able to repay in full measure all we owe to you. But—"

"You can, and by one word," interjected the suitor.

"But, Lord Clowes," she continued, with a voice that trembled a little, "I cannot yield to thy wish. Consurable I know myself to be—and no one can upbraid me more than I upbraid myself—yet between the two wrongs I must choose, and 'tis better for both of us that I break the implied promise, entered into at a moment when I was scarce myself, than to make a new one which I know to be false from the beginning, and impossible to fulfill."

"Of the old promise we will say naught, Miss Meredith," replied the baron. "Hard though it is to resign, I free ye from it. But there is still a future that ye must not overlook. 'Twill be years, if ever, ere ye once

again enjoy your property, and though this appointment—which is like to prove dear-bought—for the moment enables ye to face the world, it is but a short-lived dependence. To you I will confide what is as yet known to but a half-dozen: His Majesty has accepted Sir William's resignation, and he leaves us so soon as Sir Henry Clinton arrives. The new commander will have his own set of hungry hangers-on to provide with places, and your father's days will be numbered. In my own help I shall be as unstinting as in the past, but it is quite on the cards that I, too, lose my appointment, in which case I shall return to England. Would not a marriage with me make—"

"But I love you not," broke in Janice.

"You have fallen in love with that—"

"I love no one, Lord Clowes; and indeed begin to fear that I was born without a heart."

"Then thy objection is that of a very young girl who knows nothing of the world. Miss Meredith, the women who marry for love are rare indeed, and but few of them fail of a bitter disappointment. I cannot hope that my arguments will convince ye of this, but counsel with your parents, and you'll find they bear me out. On the one side stands penury and perhaps violence for ye all; on the other, marriage with a man who, whatever his faults, loves ye hotly, who will give ye a title and wealth, and who will see to it that your parents want for nothing. 'Tis an alternative that few women would hesitate over, but I ask no answer now, and would rather that ye give none till ye have taken consideration upon it."

Janice rose. "I—I will talk with dad and mammy," she said, "and learn their wishes." But even as she spoke the words a slight shiver unsteadyed her voice.

XXXV

A CARTEL OF EXCHANGE

AFTER JANICE left him the commissary-general mounted a horse, and, riding to the Franklin house, asked for Captain Mobray.

"I have called, sir," he announced, as the baronet entered the room, "on two matters—"

"Have they to do with the service, my lord?" interrupted Mobray; "for otherwise I must decline—"

"First," the caller went on unheeding, "a number of past-due bills of yours have come into my possession in exchange for special victuals or stores, and I wish to learn your intention concerning them."

"I— In truth—I—" haltingly began Sir Frederick, his face losing color as he spoke. "I have had the devil's turn of luck of late, and—and I am not in a position to take them up at the moment. I trust that you'll give me time, and not press me too harshly."

With a smile that expressed irony, qualified by enjoyment, the creditor replied: "Tis a pleasure to aid a man to whom I am indebted for so much courtesy."

Sir Frederick's ashen hue changed to a ruddy one, as he said: "Lord Clowes, 'tis a bitter mouthful for a man to eat, but I ask your clemency till my luck changes, for change it must, since cards and dice cannot always run against one. I know I deserve it not at your hands, after what has passed—"

"Cease thy stammering, man," ordered the commissary. "Had I revenge in my heart I'd have sent the bailiff, not come myself. The bills shall wait your convenience, and all I ask for the lenience is that ye dine with me and do me one service. Ye did me a bad stroke with Miss Meredith; now I ask ye to offset it by telling her what my vengeance has been."

Mobray hesitated. "Lord Clowes, I will do nothing to trick Miss Meredith, desperately placed as I am."

"Chut! Who talks of trickery? Ye told her the facts of my parole, therefore ye owe it to me, even though it may not serve your own suit, to tell her as well what is in my favor."

"And so help you to win her. I cannot do her that wrong, my lord."

"Is it worse to tell her only the truth about me than to seek to persuade her into a marriage with a bankrupt?"

"You state it unsparingly."

"Not more so, I doubt not, than ye did the matter of my parole—which some day I shall be able to justify, and the gentlemen of the army will then sing a very altered tune—with this difference, that I say it to your face and ye did not."

With bowed head Sir Frederick answered: "You are right, my lord, and I will say what I can in your favor to Miss Meredith."

"Spoke like an honest man. Fare ye well till next Wednesday, when I shall look for ye to a three-o'clock dinner."

Whatever pain and shame the words cost him, honorably the baronet fulfilled his promise by going to the commissary's quarters the following day and telling Janice the facts. The girl listened to his explanation with a face grave almost to sadness. "I— What you have told me, Sir Frederick," she said gently at the end, "is of much importance to me just at this time, and I thank you."

"I know, I know," groaned the young officer miserably, "and 'tis only part of my horrible run of luck that I should—that—ah—take him, Miss Meredith, and end my torture."

"Can you advise me to marry Lord Clowes?"

"After his generosity to me, in honor I must say nothing against him, but 'tis asking too much of human nature for me to aid his suit."

"I—oh, I know not what to do!" despairingly wailed the girl. "Mommy says 'tis for me to decide, and dad thinks I cannot do better, and to the ear it seems indeed the only thing to do. Ye I shudder every time I think of it, and twice, when I have dreamed that I was his wife, I have waked the whole house with my screams to be saved from him."

"Miss Meredith," burst out the baronet, "give me the right to save you. You know I love you to desperation; that I would live to make you—"

"Ah, pray, Sir Frederick," begged Janice, "do not add to my pain and difficulty. What you wish—"

"I crave a pardon for my words. 'Twas a moment's selfish forgetfulness of you, and of my own position, that shall not occur again." Mobray stooped and kissed a loose end of the handkerchief the girl held, and hurried from the room.

As he was catching up his cloak and sabre in the hallway the door of the office opened. "Come in here a moment, Sir Frederick," requested the commissary.

"I have done as I promised, and that is all I can do at the moment," almost sobbed the young fellow. "Nor will I dine here Wednesday, though you do your worst."

"Tush! Do as ye please as to that, but come in here now, for I have a thing to say that concerns Miss Meredith's happiness."

"And what is that?" demanded the baronet, as he entered.

"I see by the G. O. that ye are named one of the
(Continued on page 22)



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. C. BENTZ
REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN W. PHILIP, FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS, AND REAR-ADMIRAL BANCROFT GHERARDL (RETIRED) BEHIND ADMIRAL PHILIP'S PAIR OF TROTTERS THAT RECENTLY BEAT A TROLLEY CAR IN A MATCHED RACE ACROSS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

FROM GUAM TO MANILA

THE U.S.S. OREGON, MANILA, March 20, 1899
(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

EARLY ON THE morning of March 17 the monotonous voyage of the Oregon from Guam to Manila was enlivened by the first sight of land. It was the towering volcano of Bulusan, on the island of Luzon, visible sixty miles at sea, and at whose foot lies the native town of Bulusan, of over thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Presently the lower land rose above the horizon, and projecting above it, as a dark index, the San Bernardino lighthouse. The Oregon was following the path which was for centuries that of the old Spanish galleons on their way from Acapulco to Manila. The islet of San Bernardino, which gives its name to the straits between Luzon and Samar, lies about in the middle parallel of latitude of the Philippines. From this point to Manila, a distance of three hundred and twenty nautical miles, the navigation was through a sound approximately ten miles across, but widening at times to twenty, and at one point closing to two. In all directions straits and channels led bewilderingly away between islands, fading away from the pale green of the near-at-hand plantations of Manila hemp, into the pale blue of the sky at the horizon. It was like the Inland Sea of Japan, only far more beautiful, for here the verdure was most luxuriant. Many of the islands were almost completely covered with plantations, in others the hemp fields formed a light green checker work on a dark background of ebony and other hardwood trees. Here and there, along the water, rose the pale blue shape of an immense galvanized iron storehouse; near it would be the dome of a church and a few white buildings, but it would only be after approaching quite near that the details of hundreds of gray houses of bamboo cane and nipa palm could be made out. There were fine stone lighthouses of recent construction at important points, but it has not been possible as yet to put these in operation. It was odd to see these strong, modern buildings bearing aloft their lanterns, the whole of a character such as would not be out of place anywhere on the New England coast, and yet nestling at the base of the tower would be a brown-thatched hut, the preferred whim of the light keeper. Nevertheless, despite the pretentious lights, but little more than a coast fringe of some of these islands has ever been explored by the Spaniards. The sailing directions mentions, concerning the depth of water in one small stream, that "an armed boat can go up one mile." The failure of the Spanish to open these islands to trade is easy to explain. The trouble was that the Spanish officials were parasites, living on the trade and taxes of the islands, which developed spontaneously, rather than were encouraged. This seems characteristic of the Spanish race wherever found. Their cry is, "What is the good of a government out of which, or by which, one can't make money?"

Prospective Mothers.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc.; are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

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On the afternoon of the 18th, Corregidor Island was sighted, and soon after the eyes of all were gladdened by the sight of the Stars and Stripes flying above the Spanish batteries which saluted the United States fleet for the last time one May morning a year ago. To the right was the battery on the Freyle, and beyond, on the mainland, the signal station. It was all very beautiful to eyes tired of wastes of salt water. Far ahead rose four yellow smokestacks above the horizon, and these were soon decided to belong to H.B.M.S. Powerful. Gradually mast after mast came out of the haze, and then the stacks of a few steamers; but, except at Cavité, where the Buffalo and Monterey were recognized, there was no sign of the American fleet. In fact, it was not until the Oregon was well in that any of their lead-colored hulls could be distinguished in the haze. Then it was seen that the flagship Olympia was lying close in near the mouth of the Pasig River; close by was the Baltimore; to the northward, off Malabon, lay the Helena; and to the southward, off Paranaque, was the Charleston. It was with no small interest that the admiral's flag was examined for stars, and when four were found, the news flew over the ship like lightning.

Every sailor and officer felt that not only the navy as a whole, but he himself, had been benefited by this recognition of the services of the commander-in-chief.

Passing the Powerful, whose guard was drawn up, with the band playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," the Oregon fired her first salute of seventeen guns. A moment later and she was lying at anchor in the Bay of Manila, white and peaceful, among the war-stained ships of the Asiatic fleet. The Oregon's mission is one of peace, and it seems right that she, having performed her part, should resume the color of peace.

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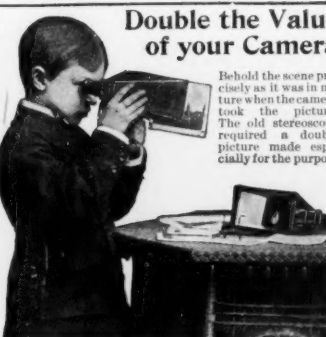
in its decision describes them, engraved on a "waxy substance," has recently sought to undermine the GRAM-O-PHONE, under pretence of an attack upon its patents, but failed.



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JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 18)

commissioners to arrange a cartel of exchange with the rebels at Germantown to-day."

"Would to God it were to arrange a battle in which I might fall!"

"It is likely lists of prisoners will be shown, and should ye chance to see the name of Lieutenant Hemion on any of those handed in by the rebels I recommend that ye do not advertise the fact when ye return to Philadelphia."

"But the fellow's dead."

"Ye have been long enough in the service to know that some die whose names never get on any return, and so some are reported dead who decline to be buried. Let us not beat about the bush as to what I mean. We are each doing our best to obtain possession of this lovely creature, but the father holds to his promise to the long-legged noodle, and, if he is alive, our suits are hopeless. So let them continue to suppose him—"

"Mine is so already," groaned Mobray. "But if 'twere not, I would not filch a woman's love by means of a deceit. Nor—"

"Fudge! Hear me through. The girl has always hated the match, which was one of her old fool of a father's conceiving, and will thank any one who saves her from the fellow. Let her say nay to us both, and it please her, but don't force her to a marriage of compulsion by needless blabbing."

"I will hold my peace, if that seems best for Miss Meredith; not otherwise, my lord," answered Mobray, flinging from the room.

The baronet mounted his horse, and, stabling his spurs into him, galloped maddly down Market Street, and then up Second Street to where it forked into two country roads. Here the lines of British fortifications in ersected it, and a picket of cavalry forced the rider to draw rein and show his pass. This done, he rode on, though at a more easy pace, and an hour later entered the village of Germantown.

In front of the Roebuck Inn a guidon, from which depended a white flag, had been thrust into the ground, and grouped about the door of the tavern was a small party of Continental light horse. Trotting up to them, Mobray dismounted, and after an inquiry and a request to one of them to take his horse, he entered the public room. To its one occupant, who was seated before the fire, he said: "The dragoons outside told me the reb—the Continental commissioners were here. Canst tell me where they are to be found, fellow?"

The person addressed rose from his seat, revealing clothes so soiled and tattered, and a pair of long boots of such shabby appearance, as to give him the semblance of some runaway apprentice or bond-servant.

"Since when did you take to calling your superior officers fellows, Sir Frederick?" asked the other with a laugh.

With a cry of recognition, Mobray sprang forward, his hand outstretched. "Charlie!" he exclaimed. "Heavens, man, we have made a joke in the army of the appearance of thy troops, but I never thought to see the maccaroni of the Mall in clothes not fit for a tinker."

"My name, Fred, is John Brereton," corrected the officer, "which is a change for the better, I think you will own. As for my clothes, I'll better them, too, if Congress ever gives us enough pay to do more than keep life in us. Owing to depreciation, a lieutenant-colonel is allowed to starve at present on the equivalent of twenty-five dollars specie a month."

"And yet you go on serving such masters," burst out Mobray. "Come over to us, Charlie. John. Sir William would give you—"

"Enough," interrupted Brereton angrily. "For how long, Sir Frederick, have you deemed me capable of treachery?"

"Tis no treachery to leave this unnatural rebellion and take sides with your good king."

"Such talk is idle, and you should know it, Mobray. A word with you ere Grayson and Hamilton—who have gone to look at that marplot house of Cliveden which frustrated all our hopes four months since—return and interrupt us. I last saw you at the Merediths'; can you give me word of them?"

"Only ill ones, alas!" answered the captain. "Their necessities are such that I fear we they are on the point of giving their daughter to that unutterable scoundrel, Clowes."

Jack started as if he had been stung. "You cannot mean that, man! We sent you word he had broke his parole."

"Ay," replied the baronet, flushing. "And let me tell you, John, that scarce an officer failed to go to Sir William and beg him to send the cur back to you."

"And you mean that Mr. Meredith can seriously intend to give Miss Janice to such a creature?"

"I fear 'tis as good as decided. You know the man, and how he gets his way, curse him!"

"I'd do more than that, could I but get into Philadelphia," declared Jack, hotly. "By heavens, Fred—"

But here the entrance of other officers interrupted them, and Colonel Brereton was set to introducing Hamilton and Grayson to the British officer.

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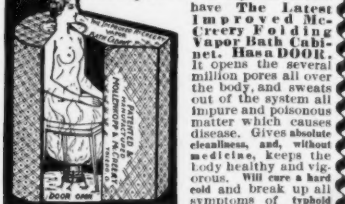
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other when Mobray's fellow-commissioners, Colonel O'Hara and Colonel Stevens, with a detail of dragoons, came trotting up, and so soon as credentials were exchanged the six sat down about a table in a private room to discuss the matter which had brought them together. One of the first acts of Mobray was to ask for a look at the Continental lists of prisoners, and after a hurried glance through them, he turned and said to Breton in a low voice: "We had word in Philadelphia that Lieutenant Hennion died of a fever."

"'Tis a false rumor," replied Breton. "If I could I'd see that he failed of an exchange till the end of the war; and I would that one of our officers in your hands could be kept by you for an equal term."

"Who is that?" asked Mobray. "That rascal, Charles Lee," muttered Breton. "But, though he openly schemed against General Washington, and sought to supersede him, his Excellency is above resentment, and has instructed us to obtain his exchange among the first."

In the arrangements of details of the cartel Breton raised difficulties which involved much waste of time.

"Confound it!" said O'Hara presently, after a glance at his watch. "At this rate we shall have to take a second day to it."

"Beyond question," assented Jack, with a suggestion of eagerness. "Gentlemen, I invite you to dinner, and there are good sleeping rooms above."

"'Tis out of the question," replied Stevens. "We officers give a masked ball in the city to-night, and I am one of the managers."

"Well, then," urged Breton, "at least stay and dine with me at three, and you shall be free to leave by six. 'Tis not much over an hour's ride to the city."

"That we'll do with pleasure," assented O'Hara.

"Go on with our discussion then while I speak to the landlord," remarked Jack, rising and passing to the kitchen. "We wish a dinner for six," he informed the publican, "by three o'clock." Then in a low voice he continued: "And hark you! One thing I wish done that is peculiar. Give us such whiskey as we call for of thy best, with lemons and sugar, but in place of hot water in the kettle, see to it that as often as it is replenished, it be filled with thy newest and palest rum. Understand?"

When dinner was announced, Breton drew Grayson aside for a moment and whispered: "'Tis a matter of life and death to me that these fellows be made too drunk to ride, Will, yet to keep sober myself. You've got the head and stomach of a ditcher; wilt make a sacrifice of yourself for my sake?"

"And but deem it sport," replied Grayson, with a laugh; and as he took his place at the table he remarked: "Gentlemen, we have tested British valor, we have tested British courtesy, and found them not wanting, but we understand that, though you turn not your backs to either our soldiery or our ladies, there is one thing which can make you tremble, and that is our good corn whiskey."

"Odds life!" cried O'Hara, "who has so libelled us? Man, we'd start three glasses ahead of you, and then drink you under the table, on a challenge, but for this ball that we are due at."

"A pretty brag," said Breton: "fill up your glasses from decanter and kettle, and I will give you a toast as a starter, to which you must drink bumpers. Here's to the soldier who fights and loves, and may he never lack for either."

Four hours later, when Breton rose from the table, Stevens and O'Hara were lying on the floor, Hamilton was fallen forward, his head resting among the dishes on the table, fast asleep, and Mobray and Grayson, clasped in each other's arms, were reeling forth different ditties under the impression that they were singing the same song. Tiptoeing from the room, the aide went to the kitchen door and said to the publican, "Order one of the dragoons to make ready Captain Mobray's horse, as he wishes to ride back to Philadelphia." In the passageway he took from the hook the hat, cloak and sword of the young officer, and, removing his own sash and sabre, donned the three. Stealing back to the scene of the revel, he found Mobray and Grayson now lying on the floor as well, unconscious, though still affectionately holding each other. Kneeling gently he searched the pockets of the unconscious man until the passport was lighted upon. Thrusting it into his belt, he stole from the room.

"What are the orders for us, sir?" asked the dragoon who held Mobray's horse, as the aide mounted.

With an almost perfect imitation of the baronet's voice Breton answered, "Colonel O'Hara will issue directions later," and then as he cantered down the road he added, gleefully: "Considerably later. What luck that it should be Fred, whose voice I know so well that I can do it to the life whenever I choose." Then he laughed with a note of devilry. "I am popping my head into a noose," he said; "but whether 'tis that of hangman or matrimony, time only will show."

(To be continued)

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LITERATURE

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
By SIDNEY LEE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Lee's book contains more in the way of statement than of opinion. To make critical comment on Shakespeare's plays is not his intention, but he has tried to shed some light on the poet's personality by an industrious collection of details. These relate to the sources of the plays and the dates of their composition, to the MSS. and early editions, to general stage affairs of Shakespeare's day, to professional jealousies and backbiting. Mr. Lee has expended pains and brains, research and erudition, upon the sonnets, upon settling to whom these of them were addressed, and those of them were not, and upon deciding that many of them were dedicated to the *war*.

Of the coincidences between Shakespeare and the Greeks, Mr. Lee wisely says they attest "no knowledge of Æschylus on Shakespeare's part, but merely the close community of tragic genius that subsisted between the two poets." Aubrey's opinion that the divine William "understood Latin pretty well" is successfully upheld in this volume. And there can be no doubt that his heaven-born sense and touch of language enabled him, with that much Latin, to get at the gist of the simply-worded Italian chronicles and legends upon which some of his dramas are founded. As for all the Roman history and mythology spread over the plays, though the poet appears to have known a great deal about them, he may yet have known *then* very little. For a resident of Japan, unobservant of human character and innocent of literary cultivation, will render you a far weaker account of the habits and morals of the Japanese than a more gifted man who has never been among them, but has read Lafcadio Hearn's books. Mr. Lee himself bids us rate most highly Shakespeare's "intuitive power of realizing life under almost every aspect by force of his imagination." And ninety years ago A. W. von Schlegel spoke, in a public lecture at Vienna, of Shakespeare's "capability of transporting himself so completely into every situation" that he became "the plenipotentiary of the whole human race."

Dowden and Gervinus have left Mr. Lee

little to say of the growth of Shakespeare's thought and style. Mr. Lee admits collaboration in some of the plays, and disbelieves Shakespeare to be the author of "Arden of Feversham" and "Edward III." The writer of this Life does not argue with the intellectually unwashed who suppose—no doubt because they have not studied—that Shakespeare perhaps never existed, and that the plays were probably written by some of his contemporaries. To read the best dramatic productions of the Elizabethan era, which may be "The Alchemist," "Volpone," "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," "Tamburlaine," "Dr. Faustus," is quick repentance of the suspicion that any of the composers of these works could, singly or all together, have brought forth "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," or "As You Like It."

Mr. Lee's book ends curiously. The last chapter styles itself "General Estimate," and on this somewhat inclusive theme exactly two pages and a third are bestowed. Then follows, in a long and closely printed Appendix, another battle royal round about the sonnets.

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The scheme of Dr. Blok's "History of the People of the Netherlands" looks very sensible. The author's project is to trace out the evolution of the Dutch nation, and to show how it became separated from its Germanic and Belgic connections. The first volume, now published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, begins at the beginning, and takes us as far as the dawning years of the fifteenth century. From the second volume, we are to expect an account of the Dutch revolt against the bloody authority of Philip II., and no doubt the Professor of Dutch History in the University of Leyden will be well worth hearing on the subject of Margaret of Parma, Cardinal Granvella, the Prince of Orange, Alba, Egmont, and the other chief personages of that conflict. Besides the political history of the Netherlands, their industrial, commercial, intellectual, and social development are fully considered, and their aristical, let us hope, will be. Enthusiasm suffers a little abatement, however, from the discovery. "The succeeding volumes are in preparation, to follow in due time."

Some pages dealing with purely English politics excepted, the substance of Sir G. O. Trevelyan's "The American Revolution, Part I, 1766-1776" is well known to Americans. We might, however, also class with the less well-known facts bearing upon the events of those years the scope of Fox's participation in them, of which the author of "The Early History of Charles James Fox" speaks with authority in the present volumes. Decision and dignity mark Sir R. O. Trevelyan's writing, and a careful selection and sound digestion of details. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are the publishers.

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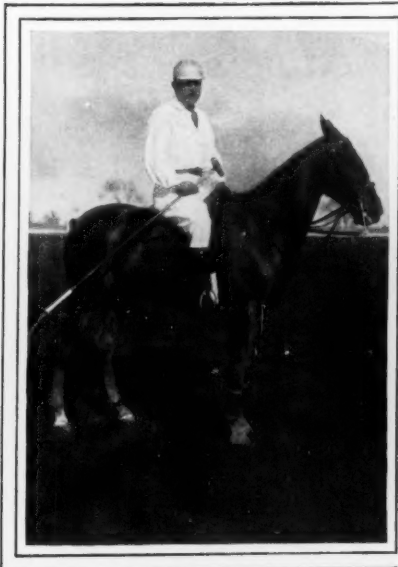
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AMERICAN POLO—ITS RELATION TO CAVALRY CAMPS

BY H. L. HERBERT,

Chairman of the Polo Association.

THE OUTLOOK for polo for the coming season indicates greater activity than has been known in the history of the game in America. It has progressed with steady strides since its first introduction by James Gordon Bennett in 1876, and more noticeably since the organization of the Polo Association in 1890. The growth of the game has been largely due to certain enthusiastic members of the several country clubs in the vicinity of the large cities—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis. All have their suburban and polo clubs. This, with the system of handicapping, which has enabled the less expert players to compete with teams of greater experience and skill, with an equal chance of winning, has aided the growth of the sport. There are now twenty clubs and three hundred players enrolled in the Polo Association, and probably one half as many more clubs and players that are in remote parts of the United States, which have not as yet joined the association. With the exception of the number of players who entered the service during the late war with Spain they are all civilians.

With a larger standing army to be established by our government it is expected that the game will be taken up at the military outposts as the sport best suited to the habits and surroundings of the soldier. In England, Ireland and India nearly all of the polo is played by military teams. There appears to be a direct affinity between the polo player and the soldier. The swinging mallet, the accuracy of eye and stroke, fits the arm and eye to the broadsword, head-cutting practice of the cavalry service, besides requiring a greater degree of skill in seat and horsemanship. Who can conceive a better nerve and muscle strengthening pastime than this royal sport? To get away with the ball for a long run to goal, with all of the field except the opposing back behind you, on a pony that is true and fast, knowing that success depends on the power and direction of your stroke, as well as the tremendous efforts of the noble little nag, which is almost a part of you. You hear and feel your opponent closing in upon you. He creeps nearer and nearer, both honest little ponies straining their utmost in the same spirit of rivalry as the riders. You stand up on your leathers and get in blow after blow, which sends the ball in a direct line for goal. This is a sensation as thrilling as can be found in any sport. When at last you have been ridden off, and your wild career is checked, there is a race between your No. 2 and the opposing back to overtake the ball before it reaches goal. As it is about to roll between the flags, the back with one dexterous back-hander sends it out of danger to one of his own side, while the onlookers shout their approval of a goal saved. In an instant the scene of action is changed, the player to whom the ball has been passed is racing away down the field with three opponents in hot pursuit. The ball is passed from one player to another, the ponies turning and twisting with a cat-like activity following the direction of the ball. The game abounds in sensational tests of speed and handiness on the part of the ponies, and of daring horsemanship, skill and endurance on the part of the player. It matters little how much skill a player may possess, he is largely dependent on the intelligence, handiness and speed of his pony. The most expert player can do but little effectual work unless properly mounted. In every stable there is pretty sure to be one prime favorite. The owner is in closer sympathy with this noble little nag than with any other, and feels that he can do better work with him. The result is, the willing worker comes in for the greatest share of toil. If a match game is on, and the result at all uncertain, who

can resist calling upon the best of the string for all that is in him? I sometimes think it is a display of wisdom on the part of the pony not to be absolutely good. They may change hands oftener, but they escape the heart-breaking last five minutes of a closely contested match. And yet there are ponies which have gone through season after season of hard-fought contests and appear to enjoy the sport as keenly as the player or spectator. They are sometimes reluctant about going into the game, and will need a little persuasion outside the boards to get them on the ground, but when once warmed up and in the midst of a scrimmage, they enter thoroughly into the spirit of the contest. The gamest and best pony I have ever owned before the game began would stop at the end or side line, and no amount of coaxing or pushing could induce him to put a foot on the playing ground until he heard the click of the mallet and ball, then he would dart on the field, ready and eager for the fray. One demonstration of the ponies' interest in the game is the tremendous energy they usually display in riding out or in crowding the opposing pony over or away from the ball: they will lean toward the others, galloping parallel with them, and when they come together will crowd and push with all the determination of a football fiend. The possibilities of the game are greater in this country than in any other, owing to the supply of ponies at reasonable prices. This enables men of moderate means to take up the game, while at all of the Western military stations good ponies can be had at one-half the price they would sell for in the Eastern States.

To be sure, high-class tournament ponies up to the requirements of the championship events will always command fancy prices. A number of well-bred, seasoned ponies have changed hands at prices averaging

about \$1,000, when this is compared with the sale of Mr. E. D. Miller's ponies at Rugby, England, in April last, when Sermon was sold for \$2,100; Charman, \$3,050; Sailor, \$3,750; Elastic, \$2,750; Lady Gray, \$2,400; Leap Year, \$1,850; and Weasel, \$1,600. We have to presume that the difference in cost is not altogether due to the higher quality or training of the English thoroughbred pony, but is the result of supply and demand. It is also an illustration of the relative difference in cost of ponies of lower grade as between America and England.

While we all know that the typical cavalry horse or the military charger is vastly different from the polo pony, it, however, happened that when one thousand government horses, which had been used by Roosevelt Rough Riders, were sold at auction in New York a number of them were found to be under 14-2, and were purchased by polo players, and are now being conditioned for next season's tournament events (the Polo Association having raised the limit to 14-2).

Our best example of the polo-playing soldier is Colonel, now Governor, Theodore Roosevelt, who, fifteen years ago, used to ride a pony from Oyster Bay to Meadow Brook Club—eighteen miles—mount fresh ponies and play a desperately contested game for an hour and a half with all the dash and determination which he displayed on San Juan Hill, and then would ride the eighteen miles home in time to dine. Colonel Roosevelt has expressed the opinion that a body of light cavalry could be mounted on stout 14-2 ponies with advantage; they could only be used in certain kinds of work, however. On such authority it is possible to picture a combination cavalry and polo horse at our Western outposts which would enable the rank and file to play at times, while heretofore only the officers, who can afford to keep ponies in addition to their parade or war horses, have been able to take up the game.

The adventures of Lieutenant de Montmorency, who recently received the highly prized Victoria Cross, in connection with his services in the Soudan, brings to light an interesting fact both as to polo players in the army as well as to the use of ponies in the service. At the battle of Omdurman, Lieutenant de Montmorency, owing to his charger having received a severe injury the day before, went into action, and took part in the famous charge of his regiment, mounted on his polo pony. It is probably owing to this circumstance (according to the descriptions of the battle) that he came unhurt out of this charge of three hundred men into a force of several thousand dervishes. The extraordinary keenness and quickness of the pony, acquired in the polo field, made possible his rider's extraordinary fighting and his final escape with the body of his brother officer, Lieutenant Grenfell.

This occurrence has given rise to a discussion in British military circles whether it would not be well either to give all cavalry horses, as far as possible, a polo training, or, failing that, to mount some of the cavalry upon stout ponies.

It is to be borne in mind that the wars of Russia and of Germany and France have shown repeatedly that the most efficient light cavalry are the Cossacks, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the Uhlans, all three of which corps are mounted upon ponies rather than horses—ponies that have, in fact, much in common with the polo pony. The well-known endurance of the Western cow pony, that carries, for hours and sometimes days, a weight almost equal to himself, and then performs work which no horse, other than a polo pony, could attempt, further indicates the possibility of the combination military and polo horse. Those who were fortunate enough



MR. H. L. HERBERT



THE BALL THROWN IN

to witness the military tournament held at Madison Square Garden last winter may recall the magnificent Cossack drill of Troop A, Sixth United States Cavalry, and the skill of the men and the horses can be attributed somewhat to their polo training; for, although the horses were over size, they had been used for polo by the troopers, who had caught the polo fever when first stationed in Washington, and, being without ponies, pressed their chargers into service. Although but recently begun, polo has become popular in our army, and besides the excellent team composed of the officers of the Sixth Cavalry, there were also teams at Leavenworth, Fort Riley, and Walla Walla before the men were called on last summer for more important duty. Among those who distinguished themselves in the Spanish-American war were Governor Roosevelt, General Wood, and Lieutenant Short, each of whom had been a polo enthusiast.

Equestrian pastimes have been seriously interfered with during the past three years owing to the period of business depression, the advent of the bicycle, and the popularity of the game of golf. Polo, however, has held its own throughout all the hard times, and now that the prosperity of the country is fully established, and the novelty of the bicycle is to some extent worn off, the horse is regaining many of his old friends. Horseback riding in the vicinity of New York has increased tremendously this season, and the number of polo ponies which have been brought from the West and South since the 1st of March, and have passed into the hands of the polo players, is altogether unprecedented.

It needs only a little practice to determine the pleasure and healthfulness of this most manly sport. It is a game of endless skill which practice constantly improves. Every part of a man's muscular development is brought into use and prominence. A player needs to keep himself in prime condition to excel or even to be rated as a good average player. The American system of handicapping gives the beginner an equal chance with the skilled and practiced player when he has progressed far enough to take part in games on any of the association club grounds or in tournament events.

It has been found that skilful and experienced horsemen do not always excel in polo. Accuracy of eye and stroke and judgment of pace are needed. There are instances in which expert racquet, tennis or golf players, with no knowledge of horsemanship, have played polo with great success, inasmuch as the quick eye and sure stroke are already established, the game itself being the

quickest possible educator of seat, hands and general horsemanship.

Many reasons exist why polo should flourish in the army and with the militia cavalry organizations throughout the country. Mounting certain regiments on stout ponies that had received a polo training is worthy the attention of those in command. There can be no doubt as to the value of a soldier who has had experience with the game. The city troop of Philadelphia possesses an excellent polo team, and the artillery company of the

this country, and the best argument that can be advanced for this is that control of temper, quickness of observation, unflinching effort, judgment, nerve and endurance are equally essential to the polo player and the soldier.

Polo, by the way, has made enormous strides in public favor in England. The season was opened on Saturday, April 1, at the new Wimbledon Park Polo Club, the most recent of the newly established metropolitan polo fields. There will be four polo clubs in operation during the present year—surely enough, one would imagine, to suffice for the needs of the London public. Besides the Wimbledon Club and Hurlingham and Ranelagh, there will be still another, that at the Crystal Palace, which will be under the able direction of Captain "Tip" Herbert. England has played polo now for thirty years, and the game has slowly but steadily grown in popularity, as it inevitably is destined to do in every military nation. Considered merely as an excellent training for cavalry, its value is established, and viewed solely as a clean, healthy, outdoor Anglo-Saxon sport, its right to continued favor will not be controverted. It stands with steeple-chasing, cricket, sculling and baseball, sans the gaming features. The Wimbledon Park Polo Club grounds, referred to above, are simply perfect. Besides a fine equipment of stands and other accessories, the environments are most picturesque. The opening game was played between the gunners of the Royal Artillery and a strong club team. Though the gunners met with defeat, it may plausibly be laid, in the present stage, to lack of opportunity for practice. There was excellent individual play on both sides, and commendable enthusiasm.

It is to be hoped that before the present season is over international matches will be arranged between representative American and English polo teams. The popularity of such contests cannot be overestimated.

The New York polo season will open on May 15. The schedule is published as follows: Meadowbrook Club, May 15 to 27; Country Club of Westchester, May 29 to June 10; Devon Polo Club, June 12 to 17; Philadelphia Country Club, June 19 to July 1; Rockaway Hunt Club, July 3 to 15; Southampton Polo Club, July 17 to 22; Point Judith Country Club, July 24 to August 5; Westchester Polo Club, August 7 to 10; Myopia Hunt Club, August 21 to 26; Mendham Polo Club, August 28 to September 2; championship games, September 11 to 23; Staten Island Polo Club, October 2 to 7. St. Louis, Chicago and Buffalo dates have not yet been arranged.



A BACK-HANDER

same city also contains several players above the average. Squadron A of New York and Troop C of Brooklyn should have no difficulty in organizing good teams. In the stable of the former there are a number of good ponies, and I learn that there are several experienced players among the members. Excellent opportunities would then be afforded for the best of sport through inter-troop matches; also with the civilians, as it is carried on in other countries. It is expected that the army will in the near future produce greater developments in polo than the game has hitherto received in



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Below are indicated the most important of the new publications treating of the countries lately become American territory, and of those that stand under American protectorate.

The intimate knowledge gained of the Philippine Islands by D. C. Worcester, during his travels there for the purpose of zoological research, enabled him to write a useful book when the general interest which had arisen made authoritative publications on the subject desirable. True, that "The Philippine Islands and Their People" (The Macmillan Co.) is a record of personal experiences and adventures, but the details noted of individuals and localities are such as were indispensable to an exact appreciation of the habits and character of the whole people. The topography, flora, and fauna of the Philippines also receive attention in this volume, whose chief value lies in its plainly setting forth what sort of a specimen of humanity the Filipino really is.

The Continental Publishing Co. has issued "The Philippine Islands," written by R. R. Lala. The author is a native of Manila, who, being educated in England, and having afterward assumed American citizenship, expresses himself on paper as an Englishman or American would. And this not only with regard to grammar and syntax, but also to the point of view. He speaks with some asperity—and no wonder!—about Spain's maladministration of the islands and the tyranny of the priesthood, but his general method leaves little to be desired in comprehensiveness, intelligence, fair judgment, and vigor. Of the history, commerce, and industries of the islands, he has much to say that is interesting and worth knowing. For practical reference, his book is more valuable than Mr. Worcester's, but it is of less sociological importance.

The Scribners have printed J. E. Stevens' "Yesterdays in the Philippines." This is a rambling journal, written by a former resident of Manila. With literary abilities of a very slight order, and no definite notions of what ought to be put into a book and what left out, Mr. Stevens has yet contrived, in his loose fashion, to give us a fair amount of information about the social conditions prevailing among the Filipinos, and the natural features of their country. His book may be satisfactory to persons who wish to take a flighty glimpse at the Philippines.

"Puerto Rico and its Resources," of which D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers, is a rather cut-and-dried affair, to be sure, but whoever has read it need be told nothing about Puerto Rico. The author, F. A. Ober, has written from first-hand investigations pursued in the island, supplemented by a study of all the available literature, whether official or unofficial, in Spanish and in English.

Scribner's Sons have also added to their catalogue "The Porto Rico of To-day," by A. G. Robinson. Based upon correspondence furnished to a newspaper during the war with Spain, Mr. Robinson's pages are of momentary value compared with Mr. Ober's. But in giving a readable account of what he saw in Puerto Rico at that particular time, which included the military campaign, with as much coolness as could be asked of an eye-witness belonging to one of the contending nationalities, Mr. Robinson has accomplished his own purpose very well.

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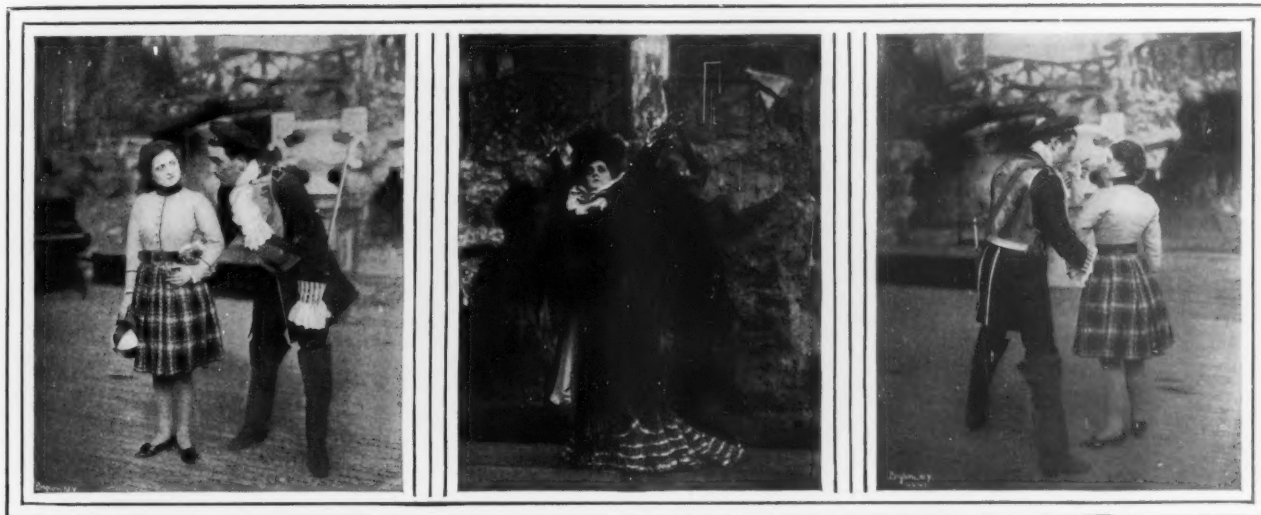


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"THE MAN IN THE MOON," AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

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THE DRAMA

"THE MAN IN THE MOON"

AT THE New York Theatre, formerly associated with the brief but brilliant glories of Hammerstein's Olympia, a new burlesque is having what promises to be a successful run. It is called "The Man in the Moon," and it presents masses of gorgeous scenery, large bands of variously-clad dancing girls, and a group of clever players, including such established favorites as Miss Marie Dressler, Walter Jones, and John E. Henshaw, as well as an actress long popular in London, and previously known only by reputation here—Miss Louie Freear—and a young American, who has just "arrived"—Miss Christie Macdonald. The piece may be dismissed at once as an absurd hodge-podge, including several old specialties and a number of new and pretty songs and effective choruses and groupings; on the whole, the kind of entertainment that pleases the public in hot weather. The stage-settings were numerous and extravagant, and, on the whole, tasteful. Some ballet music, composed by Mr. Reginald de Koven, lent distinction to the production, and is entitled to particular mention for its lightness and grace and charm. Miss Marie Dressler worked very hard in a number of parts that were devised to show her versatility. Among other feats was her ascent in the basket of a balloon from the stage to the flies, followed soon afterward by her descent. That must have taken some nerve, but otherwise it was not amusing. Miss Dressler, by the way, is always least amusing when she tries hardest. Occasionally she was genuinely funny, and those who see her burlesque of "Zaza" will realize that she really has the comic spirit; it was a pretty close copy of Mrs. Leslie Carter both in looks, in voice and in methods, and exaggerated in spirit just enough to make it delightful. Miss Dressler's reproduction of Mrs. Carter's wonderful hair had a decided humor of its own, which was at once appreciated by the audience. As for Mr. Walter Jones, we had his tramp specialty again, and a clever burlesque of the most popular scene in "Lord and Lady Algy," executed with the assistance of a clever player just coming to the front, Miss Zella Frank.

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD

The production was notable chiefly, however, for introducing Miss Freear, and for establishing Miss Macdonald. For several seasons Miss Macdonald has been singing in comic opera in this country, first with Francis Wilson, and lately with the company presenting Sousa's opera, "The Bride Elect"; but, though she has always shown "quality," she has not until now been established as a popular figure. Her present success gives promise of a great future for her. She is altogether the daintiest creature we have had in comic opera in many a year—slight, graceful, intelligent, with a light voice which she manages with remarkable skill, and with a really delicious diction, clear and without the least suggestion in it of affectation. She is the bright spot in "The Man in the Moon," the redeeming feature, I was going to say. Every scene she appeared in she made charming.

A greater contrast to Miss Macdonald could not be found than Miss Freear. Imagine a short, ungainly, ill-clad and slatternly English maid-servant, and you will realize what Miss Freear looks like. She has been compared with Albert Chevalier, and she certainly might pass for Chevalier's sister. Her fame rested on her faithful impersonation of the Cockney character, and, after singing her first song at the New York Theatre, she was made to feel that she was appreciated as much in New York as in her own city of London. Her effects were apparently unstudied, and for this reason they appealed directly to her audience. Unlike Chevalier and Yvette Guilbert and some other artists who represent low life on the variety stage, Miss Freear showed that she could sing, and her sweet, plaintive little pipe gave an added grace to her work.

"TEAMSTER HENSCHEL"

Now that Herr Adolf Sonnenthal has returned to Germany, those of us who have seen his recent performances here are congratulating ourselves. It is seldom, indeed, that such acting is seen anywhere. In most of the pieces Sonnenthal presented he had been seen here before—a fact which may partly explain why his impersonation of the title-part in "Teamster Henschel," the new realistic play by Gerhardt Hauptmann, produced so profound an impression. Fine as his acting was in this character, it was no finer than his previous work. Of the play itself there is only praise to be spoken; that is, praise for the achievement of the author's intention. It represents an effort to depict certain phases of low life in Germany, which have their counterpart in the low life of every other country in the world; this is, of course, simply another way of saying that those phases are profoundly true to human nature as we know it. The play is so depressing and ugly that we shall probably never see it given in English.

THEATRICAL PROSPERITY

As the theatrical season wanes, we are hearing prophecies of the season to come. It promises to be even more brilliant than the present season, which, from many points of view, has been very remarkable. Nearly all of our leading managers have prospered, and, as for the famous Theatrical Syndicate, directed by Mr. Charles Frohman, it has fairly coined money. Mr. Frohman made one great blunder, however; he allowed "The Christian," one of the greatest financial successes, and one of the worst plays of the century, to slip through his fingers. Next year, in addition to our own "stars," most of whom will have new plays, our theatre will gain added brilliancy from the presence of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, the Kendals, Madame Duse and possibly Bernhardt. It is said that Madame Duse will be accompanied to this country by the celebrated Italian novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio, who has lately been writing several plays for her. Sir Henry Irving will undoubtedly replenish his fortunes by his performances here of "Robespierre," which, according to all accounts, has won a genuine success in London. Sardou, the author, is so pleased that he wants Irving to play the part in Paris. How the Parisians would laugh at Irving, and what delicious caricatures they would make of him! That Sir Henry has really been in straits is shown by the fact that he was not long ago obliged to sell his magnificent library, the collection of years. As for the Kendals, their success is not altogether assured. When they left here a few years ago their popularity had greatly waned; but now they have in their repertory two new and successful plays, in which Mrs. Kendal has parts peculiarly suited to her.

"MOTHER GOOSE"

Chance led me to a matinee at the Fourteenth Street Theatre the other day, and I witnessed a curious and amusing sight. The place was filled with youngsters, some of them not more than three years old. They had been taken by their mothers and their governesses to see "Mother Goose," which Edgar Smith and Louis Lange had had the happy inspiration of converting into a "musical extravaganza." It was delightful to see the rapture with which the little tots welcomed the appearance of Simple Simon, Jack Sprat, Little Bo-Peep, Tommy Tucker, Jack and Jill, Little Bo-Peep, and Mother Goose herself, not to speak of many other favorites. It was also edifying to observe the dignified blankness with which they passed over the vulgarity and the inanity of much of the performance. They expressed their satisfaction wherever the effects were simple and wholesome. A piece that children can enjoy is so seldom given that this production deserves encouragement. The costumes were pretty, and the music was graceful; but the lines fell at moments into a pitiful imbecility. So good a scheme ought to have

been worked out with a much greater simplicity and skill.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE AND MISS MAUDE ADAMS

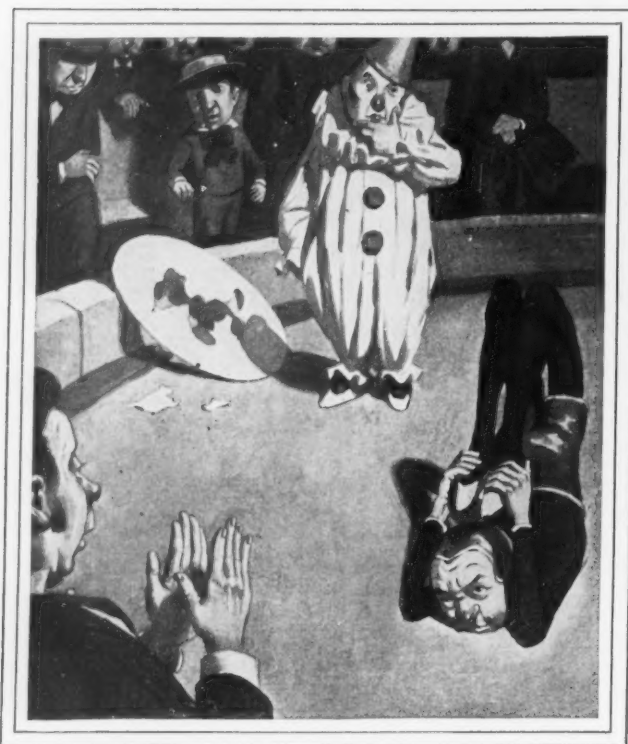
One of the surprises of the season is the enormous success at the Knickerbocker of Julia Marlowe in "Colinette." The piece is unquestionably beneath the abilities of Miss Marlowe, and is probably the poorest piece she has ever played. It seems a little pathetic that, after playing with success the difficult part of Juliet, she should be called upon to disport herself in so trivial a rôle. However, now that Miss Marlowe has cast her fortunes with the Theatrical Syndicate, she is no longer free to elevate herself to the classic drama. It is significant that, though she enjoys playing Juliet more than any other part, she has not been seen in it this season, which happens to be the season in which Miss Maude Adams, a great favorite with the syndicate, is seen as Juliet for the first time. However, Miss Marlowe probably finds compensations in her bank account. After ten years of ups and downs, of success in one city and comparative failure in another, she now finds herself firmly established in the favor of the great public. She will open next season in New York, in a piece called "Barbara Frietchie," written for her by Clyde Fitch, around the famous incident which Whittier has celebrated. For theatrical purposes Mr. Fitch has made Barbara a young girl, though in one scene she appears with hair prematurely white. It is said to be extremely ingenious, and the costumes, being in the period of 1860, which Pinero utilized so charmingly in "Trelawney of the Wells," will help to create some very pretty stage pictures.

The appearance of Miss Maude Adams as Juliet calls attention to the fact that in recent years the English-speaking stage has not possessed one Juliet of notable ability. Julia Marlowe makes Juliet winsome and girlish, but deficient in force; Madame Modjeska plays the part with exquisite feeling, but her appearance is a continual denial of the reality of her performance; Miss Odette Tyler has lately shown us a very modern and sweet-natured Juliet, without, however, power or distinction. Many years ago, when Margaret Mather first played Juliet, she gave promise of becoming in time a very great interpreter of the character; but, instead of advancing in her acting, she grew coarse and vulgar. As for Mary Anderson, her Juliet had beauty and fervor, but it somehow failed to reach the ideal. To the last Miss Anderson remained an elocutionary actress. Among living play-goers of the older generation, the perfect Juliet rests with the memory of the late Adelaide Neilson, who gave expression to a rare temperament by means of a poetic beauty and a voice of surpassing richness and sweetness.

LONDON PLAYS

The summer bombardment of London by our American actors is beginning again. The burden of the work this year falls on Annie Russell, who made a great hit there last year, and in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" will try to repeat the experience; and on N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliot, who are going to present "The Cowboy and the Lady." As "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is clever, and presents a picture of American life from the point of view of an Englishwoman—Mrs. Medeleine Lucette Ryley—it has a good chance of pleasing; and "The Cowboy and the Lady," already tried with satisfaction in Philadelphia, is so wildly and picturesquely American that the English are likely to be attracted by it. It is possible that Mr. Goodwin will also put on in London Mr. Fitch's popular play, "Nathan Hale." This would be a daring move, as thus far English audiences have not welcomed pieces in which their soldiery were treated with a disrespect bordering on ridicule, and in which the American side of the Revolutionary War was heroically celebrated. It would be extremely interesting to see what would happen in London if "Nathan Hale" were tried there.

JOHN D. BARRY.



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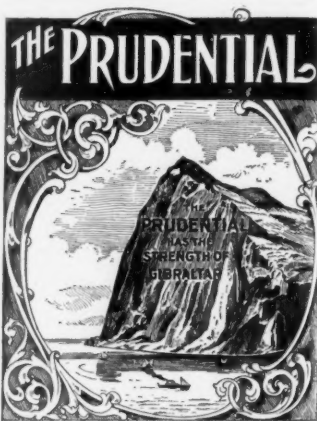
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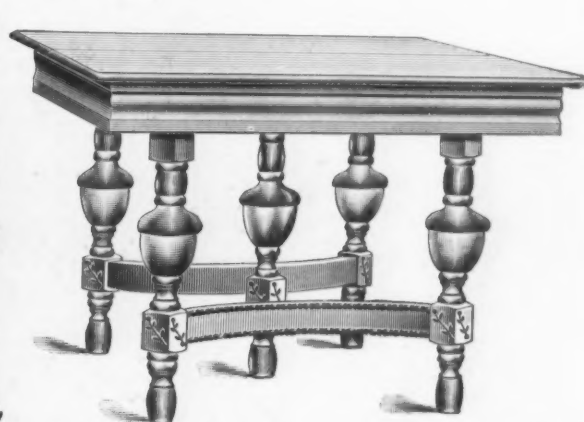
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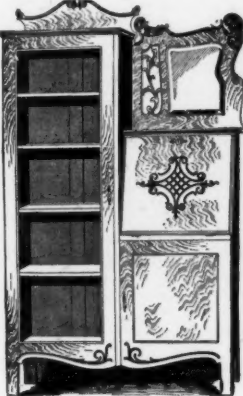


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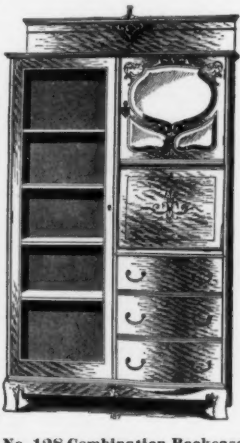
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